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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK JULY 7 : 1900

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

July 7
1900

CONTENTS

	PAGE
William Jennings Bryan. Drawn by T. V. Chominski	615
The Harlem River Speedway. Drawn by T. Dart Walker	617
Editorials	618
Political Possibilities in China. JOHN BARRETT. With a Map.	619
Portraits of Capt. B. H. McCalla, U. S. N.; Paul W. Bartlett, and Count Muravieff	620
U. S. Minister Conger at Fuchau. Photograph	620
The Disturbances in China. Photographs	621–22
The Literary Diversions of a Boss. J. P. BOCOCK. Illustrated from Photographs.	623
The Cod-Fisher. JOE LINCOLN. Poem	624
Germany's Building at the Paris Exposition. Drawn by C. C. Curran	625
The Fourth of July at Kansas City. W. A. ROGERS	626
Chloris of the Island. XIX. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. With Illustrations by C. E. and H. M. Brock	628
Polo at Prospect Park. Drawn by R. M. Reay	630
This Busy World. E. S. MARTIN	631
The Yale-Harvard Boat-Race. Illus. with Photographs	632
A Peaceful Invasion. WILLIAM B. CURTIS	632
The Passion Play. IRENAEUS PRIME-STEVENSON. Illustrated from Photographs.	634
The War in South Africa. Photographs	636
The Camel's Head. A. B. HULBERT. With a Map	636
The World of Finance. AMOS K. FISKE	637

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Mr. Oscar King Davis, Special Correspondent for HARPER'S WEEKLY, landed at Chifu, China, June 25th, and started thence for Taku and Tien-tsin, where he has doubtless arrived by this time. Mr. Davis will accompany the American and Allied Troops during the coming campaign in China, and will keep the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY well informed of the progress of events, with frequent articles illustrated with photographs to be taken by himself.

Bryanism or Bryanitis

IS Bryanism a political faith, or is it a disorder like nervous prostration, for which time and a proper exercise of the will are the only certain cure? We should like to believe that it is the former, because if it were a political faith it would involve sincerity of purpose, a decent regard for the facts of history, a lofty concern for the welfare and honor of the country, and a loyal adherence to some principle of government concerning which sane men may reasonably differ. Stripped of its eccentricities, if it were truly a matter of conviction with its followers, there would still be something left in its essential qualities concerning which even its opponents would have to admit the value. There would be something in its creed to save it from utter and everlasting condemnation by the earnest mind seeking honestly for a solution of existing political problems. How does Bryanism stand such a test as this? Stripped of its vagaries, what is the residuum that men of a normal condition of mind can possibly claim to represent any sterling principle, which should become a potential factor in the administration of the affairs of the United States? It would require a genius greater than that of Sherlock Holmes to find it. The eye that could detect the needle in the hay-stack would be powerless to ferret out this saving quality, and for the simple reason that it does not exist. Bryanism is not a faith. It is a disease—a disorder of the nation's nerves. Just as individuals suffer from neuritis, so is the nation now suffering from Bryanitis; and as nervous prostration is effectively and finally cured only by lapse of time or by strenuous exercise of our individual will-power, so must it be with this distemper, which has led so many worthy people into an advocacy of measures that would mean national dishonor, and therefore national ruin, if incorporated into the statute law of the land.

A Paralyzing Domination

THE sudden eruption of Bryanism and its quick domination of the Democratic party have very nearly destroyed what was once a powerful agency for good. Up to that emotional hour when the delegates at Chicago in 1896 allowed themselves to be swept off their feet and swayed from their judgment, to be stampeded like a lot of unthinking cattle, by the seething eloquence of a born comedian, the ancient and honorable party of JEFFERSON and TILDEN and CLEVELAND had borne a part in the nation's councils which at least commanded the respect of its opponents, if not always the confidence of the whole people. It was a compact fighting organization ruled by men of principle, strong in opposition, and by no means weak in power. Outwardly reviling it and its policy, its opponents inwardly respected its men, and could perceive sanity in its measures. It was an instrument for good in power, as well as out of it; and then what happened? In a moment of weakness it suffered the blight of Bryanism to come upon it. It went mad in the twinkling of an eye over the passionate though empty periods of a speaker, who up to the moment of his address was known as little more than an interesting type of blatherskite, which certain raw conditions of life in this country sometimes bring to the surface. The fine old party of JEFFERSON and TILDEN and CLEVELAND yielded itself up to an impulsive moment, and Bryanism took hold upon it with a grip which has yet to be shaken off; and with what result? The Democratic party is paralyzed lock, stock, and barrel; it is split endways, sideways, up and down; it has no vestige of its former self left, and in its place is a dissentient mob of heresy howlers, who are straining every nerve to fasten financial dishonor upon their country; to destroy the authority of the administrators of justice; to hamper and restrict the trade of the men by whose energies our commerce has been built up; to impede the national growth of the nation whose development should be their dearest concern; and who stop at nothing to achieve their ruinous purpose, giving comfort to their country's enemies abroad, and inciting the toilers at home into a dangerous discontent which leads on to riot and defiance of law and order.

An Object-Lesson

IF the pitiable condition of the Democratic party to-day is the result of BRYAN rule, and that it is so is undeniable, what would be the condition of the United States at the end of four years of that domination? We have here an object-lesson plain and patent before our very eyes. It is so obvious that no clear-seeing eye can fail to discern it. Where once was strength and conscience and principle, Mr. BRYAN has brought ruin, and the question now before the electors of this country is as to whether they are to call for a similar wrecking of this magnificent national organization, the Republic of the United States, at the very moment when it is taking its place among the nations of earth, and is upon the threshold of new fields of power and influence. In other words, shall we succumb to Bryanitis, as the poor old party has done, and become forever lost? Or are we going to put up our strong will-power against the inroads of this distressing disorder and wear it out, and kill it before it destroys us?

The Amnesty Proclamation

THE proclamation of amnesty to the Filipino rebels is as wise in policy as it is broad in its provisions. It has been evident to all intelligent observers for some time that as an actual war the rebellion in the islands is over. It does not require the actual surrender of the leaders of an enterprise of this sort to bring the thing to a close. Fighting, indeed, of one kind or another may be kept up indefinitely, and probably will be, but the issue is closed. AGUINALDO and his followers have no hope of ultimate success by force of arms, and their failure to acknowledge the fact which they must recognize places them in the category of mere rioters. These we always have with us. Within our own borders a man who defies the law is merely an offender who should be locked up. Sooner or later he has to acknowledge that he is not supreme. We do not dignify this person as a rebel, or a revolutionist, or a WASHINGTON of Wherever He Comes From. He is simply a law-breaker, dissatisfied with the control which society exercises over him and his taste for "independence." What is going on in the Philippine Islands to-day is precisely analogous. We have acquired our authority there properly and without any scheming whatsoever, and it is our duty to see that that authority is maintained and respected, whether Mr. BRYAN and Mr. ATKINSON believe in its maintenance or not. The proclamation is absolutely consistent with the strong policy which the Administration has followed from the beginning. It serves notice upon the misguided followers of a fatuous leader that we have no wicked designs upon them, and that all we ask of them is an unequivocal acknowledgment of the power of the law. If we cannot maintain the law, we had better go out of business. That we mean to do so must be evident to every one, save those who hope for a change in its administrators. If AGUINALDO is looking forward to a time when the Washington policy is to be directed by persons who would abandon American responsibilities in the East, his present course is conceivable. There are several others who expect a Populist victory next autumn, but it is a terrible bit of deception to practise upon one who is not wholly familiar with our temperament to lead him to believe that the American people will permit even the Populists to force them into a wicked dereliction in the line of their plain duty. If Señor AGUINALDO is anticipating a moment in which the American people will depart from their traditional respect for authority, his days to come will be but a prolongation of his past misery and disappointment. Meanwhile, if the generous offer of the Administration is accepted by those whom it was designed to reach, finding himself without a following the Filipino chief may yet be counted upon to come into the fold and behave himself like a reasonable and a respectable citizen.

If he had done this in the beginning, he might by this time have been acknowledged by the whole world as the Governor of the Philippines.

The Anti-Imperialists

THE Tooley Club has at last been heard from. It is going to do something. Not much perhaps, but still something to save the country from certain destruction. Along about August 1 its members from various parts of the land are to gather themselves together in conference to decide upon how they may most effectually bring about the defeat of WILLIAM MCKINLEY, because he has not yielded up the reins of government to them. The fact that Mr. MCKINLEY stands for the nation's credit counts for nothing. The fact that four years of MCKINLEY rule, in spite of stressful events, has brought material prosperity to the people generally cuts no figure in their deliberations. The fact that Mr. MCKINLEY'S opponent for the highest office in the gift of the people stands for nothing that is stable or even admirable means little to them. They have branded him an Imperialist, and that ends it as far as they are concerned. How little hope there is for his reformation he has shown in the past ten days by wickedly sending succor to American citizens in China without waiting for instructions from Congress. Because he has been prompt to respond to this appeal for help he has proven himself a dyed-in-the-wool Imperialist, and the people want no more of him, preferring an advocate of dishonor who has no taint of anything resembling Imperialism about him.

Well, what of it? The objectors are only the Tooley Club after all, made up for the most part of political malcontents whose services no party has ever been able to count on and whose views to-morrow could never be predicated successfully upon their assurances of to-day. If their agitation serves to thresh out this absurd question of Imperialism so much the better for the Administration which has upheld the national honor in its foreign policy, and in so far as the human mind is capable of judging has in connection with its new problems of extra-territorial government followed no course which may confidently be pronounced to have been the wrong one. As a matter of fact, Washington has met its expansion problems in a sane and practical manner, while the Anti-Imperialists are working along lines of theory, taking little care to inform themselves of the facts of the situation, and unfortunately not always scrupulous and sincere in their public utterances.

Nevertheless, we are sorry the League is not to take a more strenuous part in the campaign. A conference is a Tooley habit. A convention would be an innovation and a revelation of Tooley strength. If the League will put a ticket in the field, such a one as ATKINSON and WINSLOW, for instance, what promises to be a very serious campaign will be materially lightened and enlivened.

Mr. Croker's Definition

ONCE in a while a born leader of men arises to think a great thought and to express it in terms so terse as to make perfectly clear certain matters which have hitherto been somewhat opaque. Mr. RICHARD CROKER is such a one. He does not speak often, but when he does, what he says is illuminating, if not always grammatical. An instance of his gift for apt characterization is to be found in his definition of Anti-Imperialism.

"What do you mean by Anti-Imperialism, Mr. CROKER?" he was asked.

"My idea of Anti-Imperialism," said Mr. CROKER promptly, "is opposition to the fashion of shooting everybody who doesn't speak English."

This is not at all bad viewed in any light. There is a touch of epigrammatic smartness about it that is appealing, but what is even more remarkable, it makes perfectly obvious the precise reason for Tammany's newly acquired anti-expansion views.

If every man who cannot speak English were to be shot to-night it is doubtful if there would be ten members of Tammany Hall left alive to-morrow.

POLITICAL POSSIBILITIES in CHINA

BY John Barrett

THE map of China is bewildering, but interesting. It shows the first empire of the world in population and the third in area—more than 400,000,000 people in 4,300,000 square miles. It reveals a wonderful winding coast-line of 2000 miles, facing seas teeming with commerce and trade. Populous cities are located along every few days' journey, and landlocked harbors make frequent indentations. Into the vast interior run great navigable waterways, with innumerable lesser tributaries and canals. Few high mountains break the surface, and the conformation of the land is plainly adapted to supporting countless millions of people. Travel inland from the treaty ports adds to the interest aroused by study of geographical plates. There is little to disappoint, because there is much to pleasantly surprise. China may be deemed barbaric by the unthinking foreigner, but the observing student everywhere finds evidence of former civilization, and discovers potentialities for future development.

The government may be weak, but the people are still virile. The lack of material progress is largely responsible for China's stagnant condition. She long ago reached the limit under her ancient system of education, law, government, transportation, and commerce. What she now needs is the quickening touch of the material hand, protected by an enlightened administration of government, law, and order. We must be charitable towards China. Her shortcomings may be largely attributed to dry-rot, which may characterize any older government, and which, in lesser terms, is so often found in long-established but wealthy business houses.

Reorganized in absolute independence or under foreign protection, China may become, in another generation, one of the first-class powers of the world, in fact as well as in theory. She may rival and surpass the record of Japan. She has the natural resources, the population, and the location necessary for a brilliant development. With the interior gridironed with railways, canals dredged, river bars deepened, mines opened, roads built, likin and "squeeze" taxes abolished, all ports and points open to foreign trade, and honest administration inaugurated, China will astound the world with her capabilities. Possibly she is now on the verge of giving us that welcome surprise.

What is to be the outcome of the present crisis? It would seem that it must be one of the following possibilities: First, China may be experiencing a narrow escape from permanent "break-up," by which she will receive the last warning that will arouse her from the lethargy of the past, and, imitating Japan, make her become a mighty Asiatic power. Second, she may be forced by the combined moral and physical influence of foreign nations to reorganize her government under their temporary direction and guidance, and so eventually save her integrity. Third, she may be placed under a joint protectorate of the powers until she shall prove whether she will be able to stand alone under new conditions or must be partitioned among them. Fourth, she may be divided into admitted spheres of influence, where each power will be supreme, and actual sovereignty will result in time.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the first may be possible, but, if not, the heroic method of the second or third may be necessary. The last is least desirable, but the most threatening. The general belief of the lay world seems to be that the "break-up" of the empire is at hand, and therefore laymen as well as heads of foreign offices are reported as contemplating how such division of China would affect each nation. I say the last suggestion is the least desirable, because it seems least adapted to protect American interests, and means the end of one of the greatest empires in the world's history which is deserving of a better fate. A wide realm where America now has equal rights of trade with every other foreign nation, and where uniform duties prevail, would be ruthlessly parcelled out among European nations which are competitors with us for the Chinese markets, and would have a distinct advantage over us, even if they did not apply tangible discriminating duties. No two sections would have like tariffs. Conditions of commerce would vary according to the characteristics and methods of the controlling power. We might be safe and even better off in the Yangtze Valley, but entirely shut off in Shengking, Shansi and Shantung on the north, or in Kwangtung and Kwangsi on the south. The negotiations of Secretary Hay should protect our rights even if China be divided, but diplomatic assurances of the present may be newly interpreted under future changed conditions. Possession is nine-tenths of the law. What policy Russia, France, and Germany might follow when their respective spheres become sovereign domain would, I fear, be little influenced by their present "open-door" promises. True, if these theoretical divisions remain purely and simply "spheres of influence," we should be safe; but the moment the evolution into areas of sovereignty is completed, we will not be able to depend on any former treaty rights, but only and entirely on our capabilities for successful competition in spite of local tariffs.

The cotton manufacturers of America, especially those of the Southern States, are more concerned than any other export interests. Their trade in North China, the seat of the present "Boxer" troubles, has grown in ten years from $1,600,000 to $10,000,000, and bids fair, under favorable conditions, to grow to $25,000,000 in the near future. They fear that if Russia obtain absolute possession there will be discrimination in this particular section in favor of the new cotton-mills of southern Russia, and that they will eventually be crowded out where under Chinese sovereignty they would be safe. Russia's diplomatic promises on this point may sound honest, and they may be honest and sincere at the present, but no one can tell what will be the influence of the Russian cotton-spinners on a new ministry. If Secretary Hay has safeguarded American interests into a possible period of sovereignty, he has indeed won a notable victory. Let us hope that he has succeeded on this very point, and that future events will attest his foresight.

I must admit, on the other hand, that I take a more optimistic view of Russian influence than many others. It would seem to me that throughout Russia, and especially in Asiatic Russia, the United States is to find one of its largest and most remunerative markets. Russia is just entering on a period of material development which will make immense demands on both our raw and manufactured products. The effect of the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway will be everywhere awaited with profound interest, but the cost of such a long land haul of freight to Eastern Siberia and China will always give an advantage in favor of our products shipped across the Pacific direct, or by the Nicaragua Canal from New Orleans and New York.

Before discussing what may be the territorial limits of spheres of influence or areas of control, it is well to bear in mind several influences that will tend to keep China intact. First, she has survived many other shocks, some of which were as severe as this, notably the brief wars with Japan, France, and England, and former rebellions. Second, the powers of Europe and Japan are keenly jealous of each other, and will admit of no division that is not satisfactory. They may even become engaged in international war, and China be the least sufferer. Third, the United States, which in a way holds the key to the moral situation, is opposed to any alienation of territory, while Great Britain and Japan maintain the same attitude. Fourth, there is a large element of very able men in China, despite common opinion to the contrary, that have sufficient statesmanlike qualities to govern China wisely and successfully. These would be supported by a considerable part of the population that is ready to take active interest in public affairs, if there be no danger of political exile or punishment. Who can doubt the ability of such men, for instance, as the eminent Chinese minister at Washington to take the lead in guiding China out of her present difficulties? Fifth, it will be found that China's particular weakness in the present trouble is the lack of national police, or of organized forces of law and order, such as a well-trained army. If she had possessed even a small, trustworthy, well-disciplined force under foreign officers, the present riots could have been put down at the moment and place of inception. The rest of the world would hardly have noticed the disturbance.

Therefore, if China will immediately reorganize her essential forces of order throughout the empire, she will take the first principal step to preserve her integrity.

Further study of the map of Eastern Asia will assist in comprehending the extent of possible spheres of influence. We will assume that Russia, Great Britain, Germany, France, Japan, and possibly Italy, are the powers that would share in any spoliation of Cathay. Russia first interests us because of her territorial preponderance on the north and her aggressive policy in Manchuria. Were China divided, Russia's allotment would probably include all Manchuria, with an area of 364,000 square miles and population of 10,000,000; Mongolia, with an area of 1,300,000 square miles and population of 2,000,000; East Turkestan and Jungaria, with 550,000 square miles and 1,000,000 people. With these she would also claim the northern province of Chili, in which Peking and Tientsin are located, and which has an area of 115,000 square miles—as much as the Philippines—a population of 20,000,000, and a frontage on the gulf of Pechili. Altogether, Russia's sphere would include an area of 2,300,000 square miles, or equal to two-thirds of the United States proper, and a population of 43,000,000.

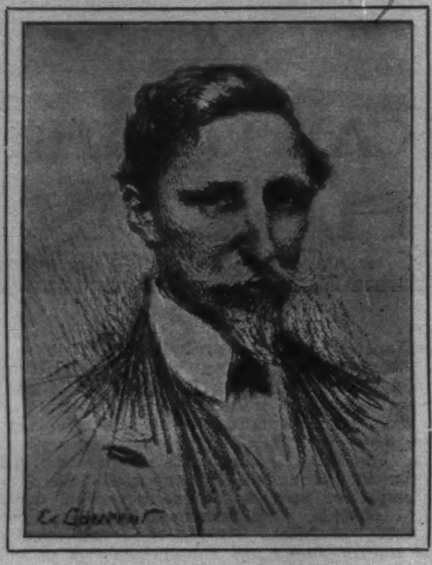
Germany, beginning with Shantung, would demand the hinterland of Shansi, Shensi, Honan, and Kansu, with a combined area of 406,000 square miles and a population of 76,000,000. She would require the southern end of Chili to connect Shantung with the hinterland, but Russia could easily grant that concession. Control of this section of China would give to Germany the greater part of the valley of the Hoangho and a considerable portion of the Grand Canal.

Great Britain has always laid claim to the Yangtze Valley as the natural thoroughfare and connection through China to her Indian possessions, and as the section in which she has done the most to develop commerce and resources. Were this apportioned to her, she would control part of Kiangsu on the coast, Anhui, Hupeh, part of Kiangsi, Hunan, Szechuan, Kweichau, part of Yunnan, and also portions of Kwangsi and Kwangtung, to connect with Hongkong and Kowloon at the mouth of the West River. The area occupied would exceed 800,000 square miles, and contain a population of 190,000,000. If Russia were given all Mongolia and Turkestan, Great Britain, in order to protect India, would claim Tibet, including Koko Nor, with an area of 650,000 square miles and a population of 6,000,000.

France, from her position in Tonkin and Annam, would be allotted all that portion of Kwangtung and

A FORECAST OF THE PARTITION OF CHINA.

CAPTAIN BOWMAN H. McCALLA, U. S. N.,
In Command of the United States Naval Brigade sent to the Relief of the American Residents of Peking.



PAUL W. BARTLETT,
Sculptor of the Statue of Lafayette, unveiled in Paris July 4.—From a Sketch made by Ernest Laurent for "Harper's Weekly."

COUNT N. V. MURAVIEFF,
Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs.
Born 1845. Died June 22, 1900.

Kwangsi south of the West River, the island of Hainan and southern Yunnan. This would well round out her Asiatic dependencies, and give her an added area of 160,000 square miles, or larger than France proper, and an increased population of 30,000,000. Canton, the populous capital of southern China, would be included in British territory.

Japan would claim the rich province of Fukien, which is just across the channel from her possession of Formosa. With it she might acquire portions on Kiangsi and northern Kwangtung. Fukien has within its limits the large prosperous cities of Fuchau and Amoy. Her Chinese spoils would aggregate 25,000,000 in population and 50,000 miles in area. Japan, moreover, would be a thorn in the side of Russia and Germany, and when they were demanding vast portions of China she might quietly insist on annexing the major portion of Korea.

Italy would ask for fertile Chekiang, on whose coast is located San-mun Bay. This province has an area of 35,000 square miles and a population of 12,000,000, and includes the ports of Ningpo and Hangchau.

Glancing at a few more details of possible division, we note that Great Britain would probably hold that part of the Shantung promontory in which Wei-hai-wei and Chefoo are located. Russia would not only control Peking, Tientsin, and Taku, but Niuchwang, one of the important gateways to Manchuria. Here again Japan might interfere and claim territory in the gulf of Pechili, and possibly insist on having part of Chili.

America should resist with all her moral influence such parcelling out of the empire, and may prevent it. She cannot declare war on European nations in order to save China; she can accomplish more by a firm, peaceful than by a belligerent attitude. She should insist on her rights, but not join in a scramble for territory.

Through all this crisis and its ultimate solution, America must stand for the integrity of the empire, and the "open door" as guaranteed by the original treaties with China and confirmed by the recent negotiations of Secretary Hay.

America's direct trade with China amounted in 1899 to $33,000,000, or one-tenth of the total foreign commerce of $330,000,000. This is an increase of 100 per cent. for America and China respectively in ten years. If we include $10,000,000 trade with Hongkong we have the comparatively large annual total of $43,000,000 with China, which makes us third in the race. We follow Great Britain and Japan, but lead Russia, Germany, and France. On the ground of commerce we have more right to interfere at Peking than the Continental powers of Europe.

In face of the immediate necessity of protecting life and property, it is well to remember furthermore that America has more at stake, exclusive of ceded or leased ports and army garrisons, than any other nation except Great Britain.

As the original treaty conception of the "open door" is hazy to many who have not taken the trouble to study the question, I will quote the wording of our first convention with China, concluded July 3, 1844, at Wang Hiya and negotiated by Caleb Cushing:

"Citizens of the United States resorting to China for the purposes of commerce will pay the duties of import and export described in the tariff, which is fixed by and made part of this treaty. They shall in no case be subject to other or higher duties than are or shall be required of the people of any other nation whatever....and if additional advantages and privileges of whatever description be conceded hereafter by China to any other nation, the United States and the citizens thereof shall be entitled thereupon to a complete, equal, and impartial participation in the same."

Later treaties, including that of Tientsin, concluded June 18, 1858, by William B. Reed, that of Shanghai, concluded November 8, the same year, by the same plenipotentiary, that of Washington, July 28, 1868, by William H. Seward and Anson Burlingame, and that of Peking, November 17, 1880, by James B. Angell, all confirmed, or enlarged upon, these rights first granted.

UNITED STATES MINISTER CONGER AT FUCHAU.

This is the latest photograph of Mr. Conger. It was taken at the time of his recent visit to Fuchau, the capital of Fukien province, one of the most important mission stations of China. The naval officers shown in the picture are attached to the United States gunboat "Princeton," which was in the harbor at the time. Minister Conger is seated next to Hsü-Ying-Kwei, Viceroy of Fuchau. Those standing in the rear are, reading from left to right: Past-Assistant Paymaster George P. Dyer; Ensign Andrew T. Graham; Lieutenant Armistead Rust; F. D. Cheshire, Interpreter of the Legation; Kwang Taotai, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs; Samuel L. Gracey, United States Consul at Fuchau; Commander Harry Knox; and Wilbur T. Gracey, Vice-Consul at Fuchau.

THE AMERICAN MISSION-HOUSE, PEKING.

CHAPEL OF THE AMERICAN MISSION, PAOTING-FU.

Bishop Favier.

FAÇADE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, PAOTING-FU.
The French Bishop Favier and Clergy in the Foreground; Native Christians in the Rear.

COMPOUND OF THE AMERICAN MISSION, PEKING.

BISHOP FAVIER AND CHINESE OFFICIALS IN FRONT OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION, PAOTING-FU.

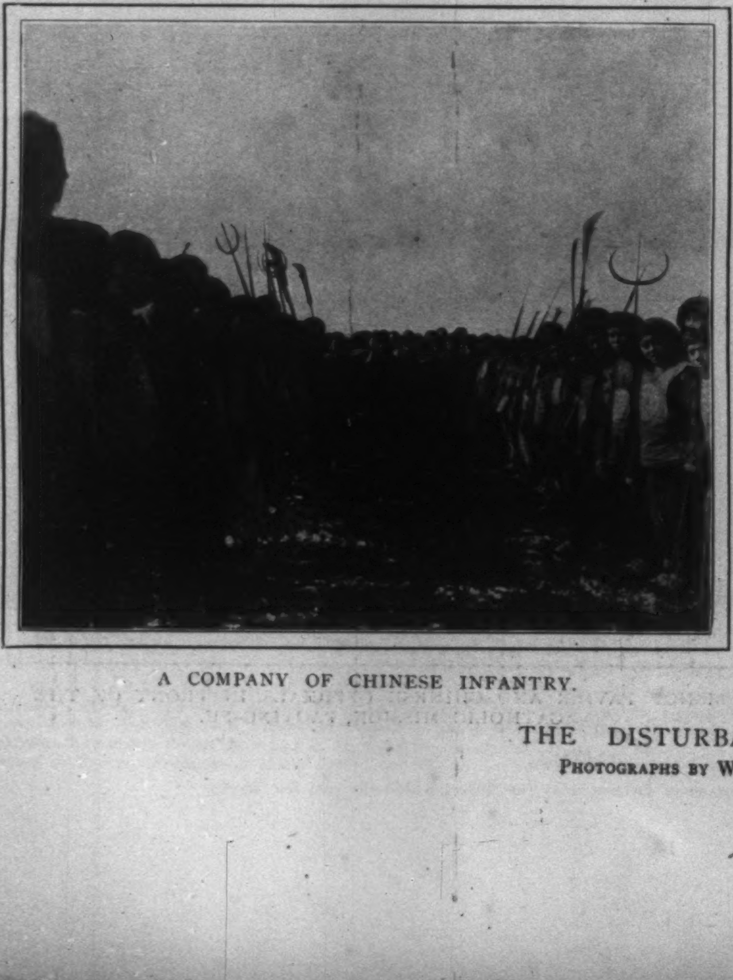
THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

All the Mission Buildings shown in these Illustrations have been Burned or Destroyed by the Boxers within the past few Weeks.

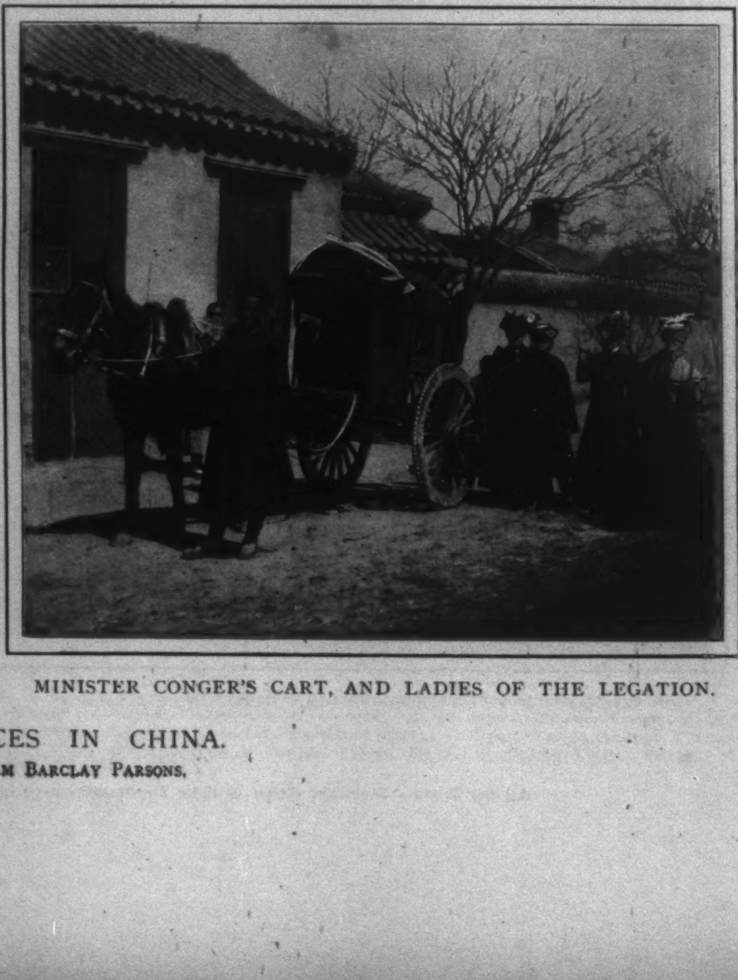
CHINESE OFFICER AND SOLDIERS.
Representative Types of China's Military Forces.

RAILROAD YARD, PEKING.
The Chancellor of the Japanese Legation was killed here.

CHINESE CAVALRY.



A COMPANY OF CHINESE INFANTRY.



MINISTER CONGER'S CART, AND LADIES OF THE LEGATION.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

THE LITERARY DIVERSIONS OF A BOSS

TO the sentimental side of a famous politician peculiar interest attaches. His excursions into poetry are likely to attract more attention than his management—for example—of a national convention. There is magnetism in the manuscript of men of action. The announcement that Napoleon Bonaparte wrote his memoirs drew to them instant attention, irrespective of any intrinsic merit. The literary diversions of the "boss" of American politics are likely to be productive of no less surprise, at least, to the mind of the reading public. While many poets have dabbled in politics, few great politicians in the United States have dabbled in poetry. Nor have literature and public life been so congenial under American institutions as in England, until within a few years.

MR. PLATT AS A MEMBER OF CONGRESS IN 1873.

Few men now attain eminence in any American career without being solicited soon thereafter to contribute to some magazine or newspaper. Articles by the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the Vice-President of the United States, Governors, and United States Senators are found among the advertised features of current publications. Yet of the literally millions of American electors who have read and heard of "Boss" Platt, though only a few hundreds of them have ever laid eyes on him, there will be scarcely one not surprised to learn the truth about the non-political side of this famous politician's life. That is, one non-political side, for he is a many-sided man. For fifty years he has delighted in music and literature; he has been an editor and a poet, as well as a singer and writer of songs. His boyhood in Tioga County was passed among surroundings of refinement and culture. The natural beauties of river and mountain strongly stimulated his imagination and wooed him to the ingenuous arts. He wrote verse and prose with almost equal facility, and later on learned to express himself as clearly in the bustle of the political meeting as in the quiet of the sanctum.

It was no secret in Oswego that the humorous and critical department of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* was conducted by Thomas C. Platt, son of Elder William Platt, one of the solid citizens. Young Platt had recently returned from Yale and was pondering a career. All Owego was interested in the venture. The first number was dated April, 1853. A feature of the issue was a melange of anecdote and gossip called "Our Stocking." "For an hour of fun alive," wrote Editor Platt in the first "Stocking," "give us the company of bright children!" There must have been a good many of them in Owego; they supplied "The Stocking" with plenty of material.

One of the editor's little friends went to the Episcopal church for the first time and saw the rector in his robes. She described her experience as follows to Mr. Platt:

"Oh, yes, I saw God—and He had His night-gown on."

As he was now a financial partner in the firm of Platt & Hull, a little room near the drug-store—in which Mr. Hull did the dispensing—served the senior member at times as a sanctum. His wit did not spare even his own customers, when occasionally, in Mr. Hull's absence, he was called on to serve them. The local-option question was an issue upon which Owegans had no difficulty in deciding. They were emphatically for no license. A customer from the hills came in one day and called Mr. Platt out to ask,

"Do you keep shot?"

"No," was the reply. "Only about half-shot these no-license times."

The New York *Tribune* printed a four-column story about a sea-serpent, which in 1853 was a legitimate subject of scientific inquiry and popular admiration.

"The Owego New Drug-Store," a rival to Platt & Hull's old "Corner Drug-Store," opened its doors for business about this time, and Editor Platt seized the opportunity of poking fun at it by declaring in "The Stocking" that the new business was to be advertised in this fashion in the local papers:

"Just received by Ship *Monongahela*, Captain Seabury, four cases pure Sea Serpent Oil, a most excellent remedy for coughs, colds, consumption, and liver complaints. Its virtues as a pectoral have long been known to the South Sea Islanders, New Zealanders, Chaldean Shepherds, and ancient Ninevites. For sale at the Owego New Drug-Store. Price, $4."

"The Stocking" proved an immediate success. The oldest inhabitants got to hunting around for the editor to tell him jokes. He listened to what they had to say, and sat down and wrote jokes of his own about the—Oldest Inhabitants.

The proprietor of the Owego Hotel caught a half-witted neighbor one cold night at the hotel wood-pile, and did not hesitate to abuse the thief roundly. "Oh yis," retorted the unabashed and still ready-witted Milesian (according to "The Stocking")—"now I have found ye out; jist what iverybody says, ye quarrel with iverybody ye have any dalings with."

The humors of the Pierce campaign were recent enough to come handy for filling for "The Stocking." The editor received a call one day from an old farmer friend who subscribed for *St. Nicholas*, and incidently explained his support of Pierce by declaring with indignation that he "couldn't vote for that cussed Scott because he'd kept the American soldiers three months in Mexico trying to take the city of Quebec."

There were big families in Tioga County. One estimable old citizen, a rabid Democrat, got up at a revival meeting and asked the prayers of the congregation for his "forty unconverted grandchildren!" One of these, who was old enough to vote the Whig ticket and proud of it, turned the tables on his Democratic grandsire by getting up in meeting, then and there, and asking prayer "for the whole Jackson party!"

The State Legislature was fair game for the humorist's jibes. "The Stocking" relates that a prominent New York politician, being persistently troubled with headaches, went to a surgeon, who took out his brains and filled the cavity with cotton. "I think," said the surgeon to the patient, "that that will relieve you. Come around in a month, and if necessary I'll replace your brains."

A month passed, and the grateful politician, who'd been unusually active in the interim, reported to his physician. "He never felt better in his life."

"But," said the doctor, "I've got your brains all ready—sha'n't I put 'em back?"

"That's all right, doctor," was the patient's reply (according to "The Stocking"). "But I sha'n't need 'em. I've been elected to the Legislature."

Finney the evangelist was well known in Owego, where he made more than one stirring call to the unconverted. "The Stocking" describes him as meeting a profane boatman on the canal-bank in Rochester, whereupon this conversation ensued:

FINNEY (*solemnly*). "Sir, do you know where you are going?"

PROFANE BOATMAN. "Up the canal on the *Johnny Sands*."

FINNEY. "No, no; you are going to h——l, faster than any canal-boat can carry you."

PROFANE BOATMAN (*irately*). "And now, do you know where you are going?"

FINNEY. "I expect to go to heaven!"

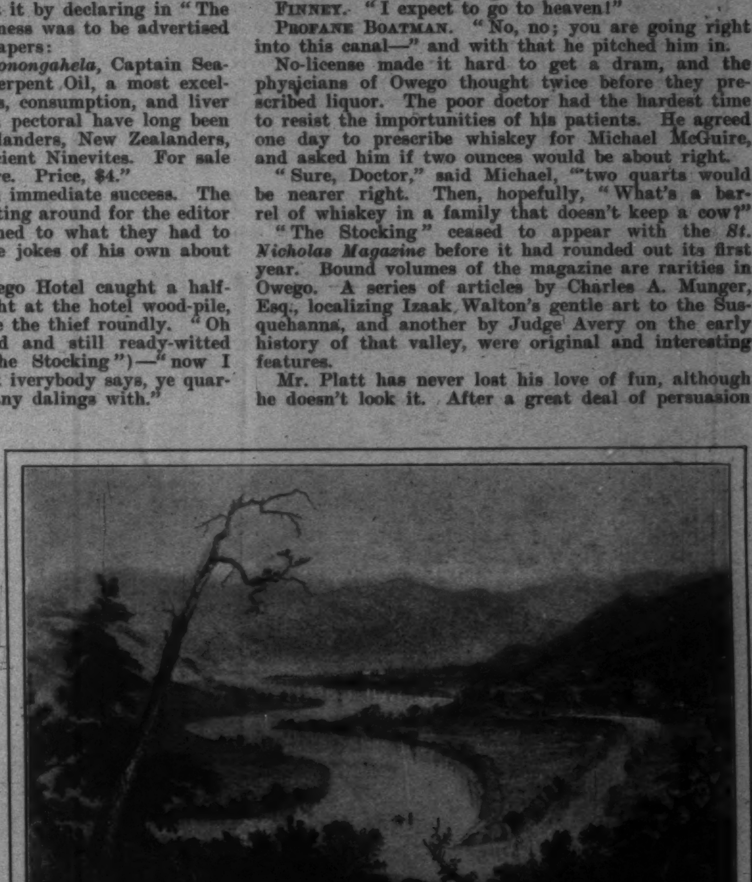
PROFANE BOATMAN. "No, no; you are going right into this canal—" and with that he pitched him in.

No-license made it hard to get a dram, and the physicians of Owego thought twice before they prescribed liquor. The poor doctor had the hardest time to resist the importunities of his patients. He agreed one day to prescribe whiskey for Michael McGuire, and asked him if two ounces would be about right.

"Sure, Doctor," said Michael, "two quarts would be nearer right. Then, hopefully, "What's a barrel of whiskey in a family that doesn't keep a cow?"

"The Stocking" ceased to appear with the *St. Nicholas Magazine* before it had rounded out its first year. Bound volumes of the magazine are rarities in Owego. A series of articles by Charles A. Munger, Esq., localizing Izaak Walton's gentle art to the Susquehanna, and another by Judge Avery on the early history of that valley, were original and interesting features.

Mr. Platt has never lost his love of fun, although he doesn't look it. After a great deal of persuasion



THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER ABOVE OWEGO.

From an old Print.

by his family he consented to sit for his portrait to artist Whipple. On the wall of the studio was a recently finished portrait of John Sherman, whose book—in which he paid his respects to Mr. Platt—had not long been published.

One day Mr. Platt had ridden to the studio in an open car on Sixth Avenue, and sat down to pose without being conscious that his coat collar was turned up. Mr. Whipple, walking behind him, turned down the collar, and Mr. Platt, his glance lighting on the newly finished portrait, remarked,

"Well, well, I shouldn't have believed the sight of John Sherman's portrait would have raised my choler like that!"

As one of the editors of *St. Nicholas*, it was Mr. Platt's duty at times to criticise new books. The Ticknors sent to *St. Nicholas* from Boston a volume of Stoddard's poems, probably the first. To them Mr. Platt paid his attentions in these words:

"Mr. Stoddard has mistaken his vocation. His verse is full of echoes, reminding the reader of the sensuous Keats, the fanciful Shelley, the picturesque Tennyson, etc. The Minstrel of the North has not escaped from these miscellaneous thefts. Instead of clutching in the dark at the hem of Shakspere's consecrated robe, let him 'hold the even tenor of his way' in the obscure path that nature and the gods have worked out for him."

German literature appealed strongly to the young editor's mind. He loved to translate German poems. Specimens of his work in this direction, published in "The Stocking," are reproduced:

Abroad shalt thou go,
 On thy white bosom wear
A nosegay, and doubt not
 An angel is there;
Place a rose near thy bed,
 Nightly sentry to keep,
And angels shall rock thee
 On roses to sleep.

These verses in "The Stocking" were original:

TO STELLA.

A little star rode all alone
 Along the azure sky,
And sang a mournful song, because
 No other orb was nigh;
But soon a glorious planet swept
 Adown the ethereal main,
And twinkled at that pretty star,
 Which twinkled back again.
They wove in one their silver crowns
 And locked their flashing wings,
And now no rover of the skies
 Like happy Stella sings.

It was in the Fremont campaign of 1856 that Mr. Platt made his greatest artistic success. He not only wrote and adapted campaign songs to well-known airs, but he organized the club to sing them, and sang them himself. The Fremont Glee Club lived a life of active usefulness under his direction through many succeeding campaigns, and was a potent factor in building up the Republican organization and getting out the vote not only in Tioga but in the adjacent counties.

While singing had unquestionably been a feature of open-air political canvasses among English-speaking people for several hundred years, it had never been so effectively and systematically used as now. The fact that satirical songs in political campaigns were somewhat familiar to American voters made it the easier for Mr. Platt to seize upon the follies and features of the day and set them to popular music. His own fondness for versifying as well as his marked taste for music fitted him peculiarly for this work, in which he was ably seconded and aided by Charles A. Munger, of Owego, a poet of no mean gifts whose talents deserved wider fame.

The responsibility of organizing what was to be the Republican party in Tioga County had already fallen on young Platt's shoulders when Fremont was nominated. His family were Whigs. He was deeply imbued with abolition sentiments; in which they scarcely sympathized with him. He had all his life been a practical musician. He now conceived the idea of adding to his political capital—consisting of great energy, intense conviction, strong organizing aptitude, and the ability to express his thoughts readily in appropriate language—his musical ability, joined to his facility for verse-making. Timely hits in original words sung by a trained quartet or sextet to tunes everybody was familiar with would unquestionably add an original and striking interest to this campaign. The experiment proved a decided success.

A specimen of the songs sung by the Fremont Glee Club in the Greeley campaign, the words of which were the joint production of Mr. Platt and Mr. Munger, is as follows:

THE GREELEY PILL.

(*Tune*, "*Captain Kidd.*")

Oh, we Democrats forlorn,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Hungry, fainting, weak, and worn,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Out of office, out of place,
Out of hope and out of grace,
We must make a change of base;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
We must make a change of base,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

We want a bitter pill,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
One that's sure to cure or kill,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
For these twelve long years or more,
On Disaster's barren shore,
We've lain needy, seedy, sore;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Call us drunkards, liars, knaves,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Call us cowards, traitors, slaves,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Brand us murd'rers, as you will,
Kick and lash us; we'll lie still.
Doctor Greeley, just one pill!!
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Mix it up of all your worst;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Yes! Of all your 'isms curst
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Slanders, libels, scourge, and thorn,
"Boiled Crow" with hate and scorn,
Oh, Gabriel! blow your horn,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

We must have the Greeley pill,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
We must take it with a will,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
'Tis a nauseous dose we know,
And will gripe and purge us so,
But the pill has GOT TO GO!!
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Doctor Greeley, hear our cry;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Come and help us ere we die,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Come from old Chappaqua's vale;
Bring your pill-bags without fail;
Bring the *Tribune's* whitewash pail,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Behold us on our knees,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick, oh! so sick!
Give us anything you please,
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!
Bitter though it be as gall,
We will gulp it down this fall;
(*Chorus.*) We're so sick!

Music, indeed, has always been one of Mr. Platt's chief pleasures. After his removal to New York, in 1879, he attended the old Broome Street Church, under Doctor Booker's ministration, and was glad to renew there the habit of singing in the choir which he had so many years before formed in Owego. The politicians who attended the banquet of the Progress Republican Club of the Tenth Assembly District, February 12, 1896, were surprised when "the Old Man," as they called him, in the course of his speech, recalled the fact that many campaigns ago he had been known to sing a campaign song on occasion (a fact absolutely unknown to anybody present). There was a touch of pathos in the slightly trembling voice of the veteran of the Fremont campaign as just forty years later he stood before a New York audience and sang,

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea."

Not one New-Yorker in ten thousand knew that he could sing at all.

His literary bent has distinctly influenced Mr. Platt's public utterances. From the first political campaign, in 1870, in which he took a commanding part, the man's reputation as an organizer and manager apparently detracted from public opinion of his speeches. He has never been considered an orator, yet from the very first his public utterances will compare favorably for direct force and clear intelligence with those of most of his contemporaries.

As an example of the lighter vein in which Mr. Platt delighted to indulge in his youthful years the following may be quoted as delivered at Owego on the occasion of a masquerade and celebration, July 4, 1871:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen, High Joint Commissioners and Low-Jack Masquers:*

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the people of the rural districts to let loose the American Eagle, and a particular locality is honored with such a royal visitation and imposing display as your presence presents, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that somebody should say something.

"Our forefathers did thuswise in the days that tried men's soles and uppers.

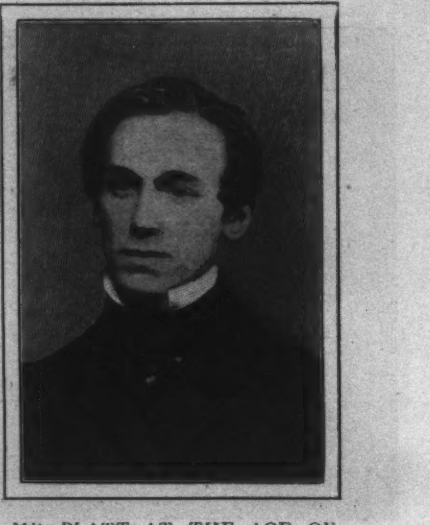
"Our five Fathers of this village are disposed to do likewise, even in these days of taxes, that try men's calf-skins.

"They have commissioned me to express to you with all the wealth of Webster's Unabridged, and all the strength of spirits undiluted, the pent-up emotions of their patriotic souls."

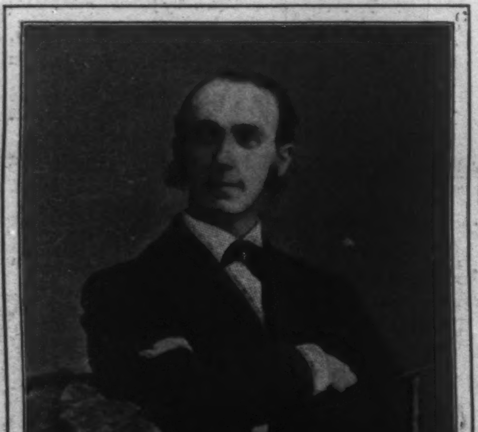
After the untimely end of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, both Mr. Platt and Mr. Munger were frequent contributors, not only to the press of Owego and adjoining towns, but to the Editor's Drawer of HARPER'S MAGAZINE—whose conductors have of recent years differed pointedly with their former contributor on political grounds. In the editorial pages of the Owego *Times*, of which his former instructor and life-long friend, William Smyth, became editor in 1854, were published many of the pungent satires and humorous skits of Platt and Munger.

The literary diversions of "the most powerful managing politician in the United States" have been confined in the main to his early life. Yet Mr. Platt's career can hardly fail to be productive of still other surprises to his enemies as well as his friends.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.



MR. PLATT AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.



MR. PLATT AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SEVEN.

The Cod-Fisher

WHERE leap the long Atlantic swells
 In foam-streaked stretch of hill and dale,
Where shrill the north-wind demon yells,
 And flings the spin-drift down the gale;
Where, beaten 'gainst the bending mast,
 The frozen rain-drop clings and cleaves,
With steadfast front for calm or blast
 His battered schooner rocks and heaves.

"To some the gain, to some the loss,
 To each the chance, the risk, the fight;
For men must die that men may live,—
 Lord, may we steer our course aright."

The dripping deck beneath him reels,
 The flooded scuppers spout the brine,
He heeds them not, he only feels
 The tugging of a tightened line.
The grim white sea fog o'er him throws
 Its clammy curtain, damp and cold,
He minds it not,—his work he knows,
 'Tis but to fill an empty hold.

Oft, driven through the night's blind wrack,
 He feels the dread berg's ghastly breath,
Or hears draw nigh through walls of black
 A throbbing engine chanting death.
But with a calm unwrinkled brow,
 He fronts them, grim and undismayed,
For storm and ice and liner's bow,
 These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows,—where'er it be,
 On old Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann,—
With straining eyes that search the sea,
 A watching woman waits her man.
He knows it, and his love is deep,
 But work is work, and bread is bread,
And though men drown and women weep,
 The hungry thousands must be fed.

"To some the gain, to some the loss,
 To each his chance, the game with Fate;
For men must die that men may live,
 Dear Lord, be kind to those who wait."

JOE LINCOLN.

GERMANY'S BUILDING AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Drawn by C. C. Curran.

THE FOURTH OF JU

JULY AT KANSAS CITY

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

NICHOLAS AROUSED THE INNKEEPER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

OUTSIDE the house Warburton mounted his horse and rode from the gates, with no elation, but with a certain solid satisfaction as of a duty discharged. It was characteristic of him that he cast no backward glance at his own decision and achievement; that he had saved Nicholas Carmichael at his own expense did not trouble him. He never considered it; his nature was too plain and simple, above all too arrogant and firm. He turned his horse's head towards Marlock, pointing down the valley.

As he passed through the gates the horseman who was in waiting beneath the huge elms that bordered the road struck spurs into his animal and followed after him.

"'Tis as I thought," said Nicholas Carmichael to himself, his temper lashed into a frenzy, "he has spoke at last, and there remains but one thing. By God in heaven, I have two matters against him that spell Death!"

Warburton sprang away at a gallop, and his pursuer struck viciously at his horse to sharpen his pace, for there were but a hundred yards between the unconscious rider and his enemy. The road lapsed out of the blind chasm of trees and was visible, a gray thread, winding downwards into a hollow of darkness. At this point the two were not fifty paces separate, and Warburton, with the noise of another rider in his ears, turned in his saddle. As he did so there came a voice from the pit before him: "Halt!"

The challenge rang out brisk, sudden, startling, on the night, and involuntarily Warburton reined in, the horse staggering and slipping on the descent until it came to a stop in the centre of a group of men.

"What is this?" demanded Warburton; and then making out the uniform of a military officer, "Are you gentlemen footpads that you stop one on the King's highway?" he added.

"Is it Mr. Warburton?" inquired the officer. "Pardon me, the light is damnable. If 'tis you, sir, we are doing nothing but our duty. 'Tis my misfortune to have to arrest you. I am from Edgecombe."

"The devil!" cried Warburton, starting, and was silent awhile.

"What foolish business is this?" he asked next. "There is some mistake committed."

"I fear not, Mr. Warburton," answered the officer. "I am acting upon the authority of a warrant, issued by Mr. Powis of Laycross."

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

Warburton laughed harshly. "Damme, I must be pinched to see if I am awake. What charge? I demand your warrant."

"You shall see it, sir," said the officer, civilly, "for by your leave I will conduct you to Mr. Powis's, who lives by here, I am told. Sergeant, form and forward. Mr. Warburton, I hope you will accompany me as a friend might, and not a prisoner."

Warburton was about to give an angry answer and pull at his beast, but a glance at the party round him changed his intention. He was bewildered at this remarkable turn in affairs, and suffered himself to be led back upon the way to Laycross without remonstrance, even without a word. The horseman who had followed him had seen the meeting from the patch of darkness in which he sheltered, and upon the movement of the soldiery twisted his bridle and galloped hard in the direction of Marlock. Arrived in the village he rattled under the window of the "Three Feathers," where the sign-board swung, creaking in the night winds.

"Awake, fool!" he called, and struck on an upper casement with his whip. "Awake, fool! The game is up! The red-coats are out! Get you to the island and warn my father!"

The innkeeper's head appeared, crowned with a tasselled nightcap. "Mr. Carmichael, is it you, sir? You scared me. Oh, my God, the soldiers! I cannot do it by myself. Whither go you, sir?"

Nicholas Carmichael held up two fingers under the light, and both were stained with blood. "I have two counts, and both are death," he said. "Get you gone, as I bid," with which he vanished again into the night.

Meanwhile the cavalcade conducting Warburton reached Laycross, and after the usual ceremonies the captain of the troop, with two of his men and Warburton, were admitted into the Justice's room. Mr. Powis sat where Warburton had left him, reading from the same book, and his face and voice were as quiet as ever.

"Whom have we here, Captain Rash?" he asked. "A prisoner? Not a prisoner, surely, Mr. Warburton? You are of a house that should not suffer this disgrace."

"I have yet to learn, sir, by what right I am arrested, and on what charge," said Warburton, stormily.

Mr. Powis turned to the officer. "Your warrant, sir?" and taking the paper which was handed to him in silence, perused it carefully. "You are charged herein to take the person of one Roger Warburton, lodging in the 'Three Feathers,' on the suspicion of participation in a conspiracy against his Gracious Majesty." He folded the paper and returned it to the soldier. "'Tis correct, as it should be, seeing I drew it myself," he said, coolly, and looked his prisoner squarely in the face.

"Conspiracy!" broke out Warburton, in amazement.

"A case of accessory after the fact, at the least, I am told. That is the information sworn to," said Mr. Powis.

Warburton's head went round. Was this a cunning move on the part of the Carmichaels to hold him in bondage until they were ready for him? No; this idea was quite impossible, seeing that only his instant and secret death could help them.

"May I ask, who swore the information?" he asked at length.

"That I may not say," said the magistrate. "This warrant authorizes your arrest and"—he paused—"that you be searched."

Warburton turned red-hot, and his brow grew black. "What mean you?" he said, fiercely.

"'Tis necessary," said Mr. Powis. "I am helpless." He made a sign to the Captain, who in his turn issued a command to his men with obvious reluctance. Warburton's face for a moment took on a ferocious aspect, but, slowly changing, he addressed the magistrate. "Will you take my word, sir, that all I produce is all that I have on me," he said, slowly. Mr. Powis met his gaze. "Yes," he answered, after a momentary pause. "We desire to humiliate no one in the exercise of our duty, least of all one of your position, sir."

Warburton turned out the contents of his pockets, which the magistrate formally examined; then after a quarter of an hour's silence he looked up at the prisoner. "Is there nothing else?" he asked. "Have I your word that there is nothing else?"

Warburton uttered a sharp laugh, and withdrawing a letter from his breast, threw it down on the table. "There is only this letter addressed to yourself, sir," he said.

Mr. Powis took it up. "Ah! indeed," he said. "I have to thank you for playing messenger to me." He turned to the officer: "Captain Rash, you are required to hold this gentleman in the village until the examination is complete; there are yet his effects at the inn, and as you may need my presence, I will ride with you."

Warburton walked to the window and looked out on the garden, where the moon was rising late. He was a prisoner, and Chloris waited by the broken chapel on the desolate dunes.

CHAPTER XIX

WARBURTON SAILS FOR THE ISLAND

WARBURTON waited impatiently in the custody of the soldiers at Marlock until he should be released. As he strode up and down the bare room that was his prison he recognized at last what his arrest had meant, for the examination of his effects could only have been ordered in the hope of finding some compromising evidence. Undoubtedly that was Bonaparte's letter, and whoso had struck at him thus was aware of the existence of the letter. Only by an accident it was not upon his person, for he had given it to Chloris with instructions to destroy it, and no doubt by this time, a little fluttering dust of ashes, it was scattered to the sands. But who had knowledge of his secret? Again he dismissed the idea that the Carmichaels were responsible for his arrest, for they would be mad indeed so to endanger their own safety. And now what irritated him more than all was the return of Chloris's letter to the magistrate. He had completely failed, for the irony of fortune had delivered him into the very hands from which he would have escaped. The reason of Mr. Powis's calmness, as well as of his kindliness, under the outrage was apparent now, seeing that his own escape had been impracticable, and that the Justice had known he was but marching upon his fate. His mission had ended in disaster, and by a strange turn of the wheel he was himself the medium by which the law was to be acquainted with the crimes of the Carmichaels. Yesterday he would have contemplated the fact with equanimity, even with satisfaction, if not with actual triumph; but to-day, fresh from his enterprise and under the spur of his new and altered emotions, he chafed against the accident which had given Nicholas Carmichael to justice.

In the midst of these meditations the door of his chamber opened and Mr. Powis entered.

"I have great satisfaction in informing you, sir," he said, in an official manner, "that nothing has been found which is in any way prejudicial to you—nothing, in short, such as we were led to believe would be found."

Warburton bowed stiffly. "And now, sir, perhaps you will allow me my liberty," he said, coldly.

"Forgive me, sir, but you forget something, surely," said Mr. Powis. "There was something else between you and me. One score is settled in your favor, I am pleased to say, but what of the other?"

"I understood that that was a private matter between us," replied Warburton, haughtily. "I am no common pickpocket."

Mr. Powis took a pinch of snuff. "If you were to ask me in my capacity as a private gentleman I should say no, Mr. Warburton, but I am more than that," he said. "What happened touches me in another quality. I am also a Justice of the Peace."

"Of which I have heard a great deal," retorted Warburton, with a sneer. "You have spoken of your harder experiences, sir, but it seems to me you smack of a pettifogging country attorney."

"Is that how it strikes you?" asked Powis, imperturbably. "I had not thought of myself in that light; but rather as one who endeavored to do you a good turn and warn a headstrong young gentleman from his folly."

"You are very good, sir," said Warburton, with icy politeness. "I pray God I may meet men such as you to take refuge with such ceremony behind the forms of law."

Mr. Powis considered him without animosity. "Will you tell me this," said he—"why it is you come to rob me of that letter?"

Warburton was silent, feeling too angry to suffer

these cross-questions. "I may tell you, Mr. Warburton," went on the magistrate, "that I took the liberty of opening the letter which was addressed to me, and have read the contents. What I should like to know is, why you desired me to give you up that communication unread?"

"If you have read it, sir, you have the answer," said Warburton, bluntly.

Powis shook his head. "Fear not," he said, and he took from his pocket the paper, unfolded it and perused the writing again. "Unless I am very stupid," he observed, "there is nothing here to call for your interference."

"Good God, man!" cried Warburton, impatiently. "Are you mad? You have read it. Can you not see what the girl has done? What! is't nothing to deliver up your own blood, right or wrong? I would have spared her that memory. She was distraught; 'tis a poor mad child. I would do it again, but it is too late." He glanced at the guards, and the open letter in the magistrate's hands, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"But, faith! Mr. Warburton, you perplex me," said the other, with a little pleasant laugh. "Know you what is written here? I believe you cannot. This Nicholas Carmichael is no friend to you?"

"He is a bitter foe," said Warburton, glowing.

"Why, then, you know what is here contained? I beg you to read it," and he placed the letter in Warburton's hand. The latter obeyed, and when he was done, looked up.

"Well!" said Powis.

"Well?" echoed Warburton. "Nicholas Carmichael is no friend to me, but I know of nothing else. I tell you that she, poor girl, is sick of her senses, being ill. She is crazy upon this. I know no more."

"And yet, sir, you perilled your liberty to get this letter," suggested Powis, softly.

"I am my own master," said Warburton, with dignity, and turned away.

The magistrate was silent, musing, with his gaze directed upon the averted head of his companion. Presently he spoke.

"Mr. Warburton," said he, "it lies in my authority to have you held here for trial on a serious charge—of robbery. I do not see—I, who know the law—what other face this rash adventure of yours wears. It lies in me, I say, and yet—I speak as a private citizen of this great kingdom—I cannot find it in my heart to do so. I will not prosecute."

"Sir!" said Warburton, in astonishment.

"You are free, sir," said the magistrate.

Warburton was silent, eying him. "If I have said anything that moved you to this—" he began.

Powis waved his hands. "You do not count," he interrupted; "'tis my whim. I cannot be forever a justice."

"I thank you, sir," said the younger man. He moved with embarrassment, and recalling the paper he had, made a gesture as if to offer to the Justice. "This belongs to you, sir."

"I have taken what is necessary from it," answered Powis, slowly, "and in the ordinary course I suppose I should destroy it. Perhaps, Mr. Warburton, you would spare me the trouble."

A light of understanding danced in Warburton's eyes. "You are generous, sir," he said. "I will accept your offer," and he tore the paper into rags and scattered them on the floor. Then he looked at the other, as if with a new thought. "You will act on this mad information?" he asked.

Powis looked him full in the face. "You are a stranger on these coasts, sir," said he, "and I think you cannot know how this place is honeycombed with lawlessness. Perhaps you have heard something of a very rank reputation. Those who represent his Majesty can ill afford to throw chances away. Yet I know Sir Stephen Carmichael, and regret my duty, as recently in your own case, Mr. Warburton. I trust that the one expedition may prove as vain and ineffectual as the other."

"I believe it will," said Warburton. "Yet I know not what adversary laid this snare for me."

"Maybe," said the magistrate, snuffing again—"maybe 'twas as you say is this other matter—a question of the hysteric."

Warburton started. "'Twas a woman!" said he, but Powis made no reply. "By God!" he said, "'twas Miss Holt, as I'm a living man." The Justice still made no reply, and Warburton laughed. "The she-devil! she's crazy, I believe. What was her purpose?"

"Mr. Warburton, what was Miss Carmichael's purpose?" asked Powis, suavely.

Warburton frowned. "I am greatly in your debt, sir," he said, "but as 'tis mightily early now, I will not keep you from your bed."

"On the contrary," said Powis, quietly, "I am but beginning my day!"

He indicated the window, which had grown a blue-black patch upon the vanishing night; Warburton followed his gesture, and saw some tiny lights breaking out in the bay, and threading busily about the dark outline of a hull. He saluted and went down into the loosening darkness.

Not twenty paces from the cottage, which had been his gaol, he caught sight of a woman's form, and his name was called softly.

"Chloris!" he cried, in amazement.

"'Tis I, 'tis I," she whispered, springing upon him. "I could not wait for you so long. I followed him, and heard you were taken. Oh, why did they take you? 'Tis we that should be lodged in prison."

"You must not be seen here," he said, hastily. "You will be seized otherwise and examined by the justices. I was not able to stop your letter."

"Then indeed I rejoice," she answered, warmly, "and I will stay and answer what questions they will. Now that you are here, and under the protection of the soldiers, you are safe, and I will abide with you."

"Poor child!" he exclaimed. "I am not under protection. I am newly let out of prison, where I was on suspicion."

"Suspicion of what?" she asked.

Warburton grinned. "Suspicion that I was participator in some treason, suspicion of accessory."

"'Tis that business of Bonaparte's?" she asked, and broke out, "Did you speak the truth?"

"Nay," said Warburton, grimly. "They searched my inn, but there was the letter in your hands, and burned; and, faith, they took nothing."

"'Tis not burned," she cried, sharply. "And you told nothing?" He shook his head. "You sacrificed yourself for those that hate you and would destroy you?" she burst forth.

"Damme, no!" said Warburton, bluntly. "But for one I love, and I have not sacrificed myself, neither."

She hung on his words greedily, hungrily, and swept her arms about him. "I will not have you peril yourself one hair's-breadth more," she exclaimed. "Let Nick look to himself. You are worth much more than he."

"I care not a curse for him," said Warburton. "But the soldiers have been put on his track."

"What care I?" cried Chloris, recklessly. "He has sought your life. 'Twas I informed of him."

"Aye," said Warburton, glancing at her, "and that is why I care, somewhat. They must not take him."

"I will not budge one step to save him," she cried, angrily.

"But not your father?" he asked.

Her face faltered. "He is my father," she murmured. "I remember how he has carried me in his arms."

Warburton pointed towards the sheet of darkness which was still all that marked the ocean, and the little lights he had formerly observed were running briskly on the blacker lump.

"'Tis the revenue sloop," he said. "No doubt she has orders, and is for the island. They are at work hauling the anchors, and in an hour's time they will lie under Lynsea."

"They know not the caves," she murmured, in dismay and agitation.

"They will seek them out," he replied. "They will make a thorough search, for your father and your brother lie there."

"Nicholas is abroad," she whispered. "He is seeking you."

"He will have his work against those that seek him," sneered Warburton. "Let him go his gait, but Sir Stephen and Philip—"

"I would spare them," she whispered. "Oh, my God! spare them!"

"Come," commanded he. "We must get a boat."

"Whither are you bound?" she demanded, in excitement.

"We are for Lynsea," he said.

Chloris Carmichael seized him by the arm. "You would go to warn my father?" she asked, wistfully. "You, who are the enemy of our race!"

"'Fore God, dear, I am no enemy to you, as you should know," cried Warburton, with passion in his voice. "If every drop of blood that ran in you was foul and black, by Heaven! I would have you still, and that possession is a shield to any of your name."

Her face, suffused with a dim glory in the dissolving night, shone white, mystical, and lovely upon him—a pearl of such a quality as was visible of its own light; her full fine eyes, like sparks, glittered and glowed.

"Though you gave nothing and take all, yet would I remember you," she murmured, brokenly. "For you are my life, my house, and my honor. I have given freely, and I repent nothing. I must give again a thousandfold, though you denied me as a beggar. You have stolen only that which I have yielded. See, my heart! Here I place my feet, and—and behold! I will not move one step to cross this channel and give warning in Lynsea. I have hollowed out my fortune, and there lie I, uncomplaining—nay, at peace—nay, happy beyond the lot of women."

He drew her close. "You shall come with me, child; we will go to Lynsea."

"What do you go for?" she asked, softly.

"I will spare your house and blood," said he, quietly. "They are in my hands, and I spare them for your sake."

"I do not desire you to sacrifice this for me," she said, pleading. "Do as you will; 'twill be right and meet and just."

"Foolish!" he murmured, tenderly. "Do you not see that what I might with justice bring upon them, it is not meet that you should."

She uttered a little cry. "My father!" she exclaimed, in low tones. "Have I betrayed him? 'Twas only Nick."

"You shall save him," he said, confidently.

"How? He is ill, he is stricken, and he cannot escape," she said, in a melancholy voice.

"Child, child, bear up. Yonder is a boat," he said. "I will slip her moorings if you take the tiller."

She did as he commanded almost mechanically, and stared through the gloom in wonder and distress at the man. Warburton steered the boat off and set her sail, which drew with the faint wind slowly. "'Tis hot," said he; "there will be thunder. Child, keep your eyes upon the water; she falls away."

Chloris started as if from her sleep. "What do you go to do?" she asked, in a whisper.

He gave a little laugh. "I have been cheated once, but I shall not be so again," he answered.

"'Tis Nicholas's boat," she said, irrelevantly, glancing wide-eyed at the thwarts.

"He is on the mainland, then," said Warburton.

"He is hunting you," she said, and for a time there was silence. Warburton looked back, and the lights were still moving on the distant sloop. Out of the sea the wind was dropping, and very soon the calm would be here. The dawn was breaking gray, hot, and sultry.

"What will you do?" she asked, for the third time.

"We must run for the caves," he answered her. "I will blow them all to powder."

"Blow them to powder!" she echoed, wondering, and then her figure quickly took an animation. "Let me set a jib," she cried. "We must make haste. Oh, sir, you are generous! 'Tis noble in you."

"Pish! child," said Warburton, and looked back again.

Away behind under the shadowy cliffs of Marlock the lights ran to and fro like flies; they twinkled and moved forward.

"She has set her sail, she is off!" he exclaimed. "If she lose not the wind she will beat us."

Chloris uttered a cry, and standing to her tall full stature in the stern of the skiff, peered into the misty dawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MR. POWIS PERUSED THE WRITING AGAIN.

THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIPS AT PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, JULY 3, 1900.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THE work of famine in India seems desperately thorough as we read about it, and though relief work goes on, the need is out of all proportion to the relief. Five million persons to die has been a moderate estimate, and five million persons do not die of starvation even in India without making bad reading. There is cholera now and worse to follow as the rains begin. Many American newspapers record the daily increase of India Famine Relief Funds. That of the *Christian Herald* is the most important, so far, and is so well supported that it has been able to remit $100,000 in one payment. Two cents a day, they tell us, will keep a human being alive in India. So, however overpowering the need seems, it is worth while doing whatever can be done to meet it.

OWING to various difficulties and complications, the details of which need not be here set forth, the first American edition of Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage*, which was published by the Messrs. Harper, had to be printed from proofs which the author had not revised. The demand for the novel was so prompt and so urgent that three following editions had to be printed from the same plates as the first. In these first four American editions there were errors, which the author corrected in proof and which did not appear in any of the English editions. In the last four American editions of the book (there have been eleven in all) these errors do not appear, but unluckily the reviewers in this country dealt with the earlier American editions, and some of them have charged Miss Cholmondeley with mistakes of grammar and sense which she did not commit, but which existed in the English proofs before she revised them. The reviewers who accused Miss Cholmondeley of ignorance and disregard of syntax are invited to take notice that she was not guilty of those offences, and that they were misled by appearances due to complications of which she and her American publishers were both disconsolate, though blameless, victims.

THE case of H. C. Benham acquitted on June 21 at Canandaigua, New York, of the charge of poisoning his wife is a fresh illustration of the capacities of juries and the resources of law. Benham lived at Batavia, New York. His wife died there on January 4, 1897. He was tried for poisoning her with prussic acid, and was found guilty. The case went to the Court of Appeals and the verdict was sustained, the opinion, by Judge Haight, being forty pages long, and discussing law and facts with searching care. The prisoner was to have died on November 1, 1897. The Governor granted him a respite, and Judge Hooker of Buffalo granted an application for a new trial on the ground that new evidence had been discovered. Judge Houghton in the second trial charged the jury that they must find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree or acquit him. He told them, too, that the prosecution was bound to prove that Benham's wife swallowed the prussic acid. Proof that it was administered as an injection would not do. Only one juryman voted for conviction, and the fourth ballot brought acquittal. Benham's conduct as a husband had been far from circumspect, but his counsel, and the Court as well, insisted that he should not be convicted of murder on general principles as being a reprobate person. On the ground that his home community disapproved of him too strongly to give him fair play, his second trial took place in another county. The verdict is reported to be popular in Canandaigua and unpopular in Batavia. The trial has greatly interested the western part of New York State. Complicated murder trials, especially where poisoning is charged, are exceedingly expensive, and it may be we ought to be thankful that the public which pays for them gets a considerable measure of entertainment for its money.

IT is just about time now for the steamer *Windward* to start for northwest Greenland in search of Mr. Peary, the explorer. It will be remembered that he has spent the winters in the Far North for several years. His intention was to make a dash for the pole last spring, if the conditions were favorable; but whether they were favorable or not will not be known until he has been heard from. His arrangements were complete; he had supplies of food at convenient places Far North, and abundant stores at Fort Conger far up towards the edge of the north coast, and his hope was to make a dash from there with sledge and dog team across the frozen polar sea. He has great experience in arctic exploration, and a very earnest purpose, and we shall be interested in the report the *Windward* brings back. If the conditions last spring were not favorable to his plans he will doubtless stay in the Far North another year, but there is some reason to believe that he found ice that he could travel on and made his attempt.

THE educational Moses has again smitten the Rockefeller, and he has gushed to the extent of $250,000 for the benefit of Brown University. Brown needed a million dollars. Mr. Rockefeller said he would give a quarter of it if the Brown alumni would raise the rest. President Faunce got within $70,000 of the necessary $750,000, and then for a time there was a check, but three graduates rounded out the necessary sum just before Commencement, and Brown commenced on June 20 with a million dollars of new money to her credit.

NO more interesting honorary degrees were conferred last month by any American university than two that were features of the Commencement at Hobart College in Geneva, New York. Hobart made Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, a Doctor of Sacred Theology, and John Jay Chapman, of New York, a Doctor of Humane Letters. Both of these gentlemen are reformers. Dr. Crapsey, long known as a fervent and eloquent preacher, and as a man who has ideas of his own and a marked disposition to express them, is the author of a series of tractates on various concerns of the church and of religion, which have attracted wide notice by the boldness and vigor of their declarations. The degree which has been given him by Hobart, an Episcopal college, must be taken as a recognition by his brethren of the ability of his recent utterances, as well as of his high standing in his profession. He is very much of an iconoclast, and a church college which honors him acquits itself *ipso facto* of all imputations of timid conservatism.

But in Dr. Chapman's case, still more, Hobart has given evidence of the liveliness of its imagination and its sympathy with the irrepressible. There is no doubt about Dr. Chapman's hold on literature. He is a notable essayist, and folks who do not like the sense of all he writes are glad to read him for his style and for the pleasure of seeing statements which they do not believe set forth with unterrified vigor. For years past his has been the voice of one roaring in the wilderness, denouncing the feasible, excoriating the successful, advocating in and out of season the ultimate expediency of the inexpedient. As an objurgatory prophet he is a success, however unreliable he may be as a predicter. Whatever any one may think of him as a political critic, there is no doubt that he has earned the literary degree that Hobart has conferred upon him, and it is highly interesting that Hobart should have singled him out for distinction.

NO one seems to be saying that Governor Roosevelt has the backbone of a chocolate éclaire because he couldn't withhold himself from the Republican Presidential ticket. Dr. Chapman, aforesaid, has a caustic obituary notice of him in the June number of the *Political Nursery*, which, written as it was before the meeting of the Philadelphia convention, has a certain diverting timeliness about it. Dr. Chapman proclaims that Roosevelt is a sinner and a disappointment, and even maintains that "there is no fight in him." If the *Nursery* achieves another issue he will probably declare that the Governor's nomination for Vice-President was a just judgment on him, and served him right. But that is not the prevailing attitude. The general sentiment among the voters who expect to vote for Roosevelt is one of enthusiasm, qualified in some cases by emotions of sympathy. "We worship him; we honor and love him," writes a young man who relieves his mind in a letter to the New York *Sun*, and the *Sun* itself says, "The admiration, the feeling of almost personal affection, which many millions of Americans have for Theodore Roosevelt ought to make him, and undoubtedly do make him, at once very proud and very humble."

If the Governor has gone down he has gone down in a remarkably fine shower of sparks, and the prospect is that his progress towards obscurity will be lighted by more rockets and pyrotechnic displays than ever before marked the path of a politician towards the outer darkness of private life. The newspaper account of his passage through New York, which represents him as buying a life of Charlemagne to take home with him to Oyster Bay, does not read much like the description of a man who has bidden farewell to earthly ambitions. He has six months of ardent life ahead of him, whatever happens. That much is certain. If after that a season of comparative repose that still is not stagnation shall supervene, it may lengthen his days, if nothing more, for surely such a whirl of activity as Roosevelt has kept up since he came from Washington to be a police-commissioner in New York must rack the human machine considerably, and indefinite continuance of it cannot be conducive to longevity.

A WISCONSIN reader of the WEEKLY, Mr. Smith of Madison, finds fault with a recent opinion expressed on this page, that Methodist temperance committees which pass resolutions about tobacco ought to include some members who have had a sufficient personal experience of tobacco to give weight to their opinions. Mr. Smith thinks that, on the same principle, a man accused of theft would be justified in having a few thieves on the jury that tried him, or a man accused of homicide a few murderers.

His analogy is specious, but inaccurate. Suppose he is a meat-eater. Would he be impressed with resolutions passed by a committee of vegetarians declaring that no one ought to eat meat? He would probably say that vegetarians were cranks, and their resolutions would have no weight with him, but a mixed committee including reputable and intelligent persons of various ways of thinking might arrive at conclusions as to diet which would give him some new ideas and influence his habits of feeding. One of the most influential opinions about tobacco the present paragrapher remembers to have read was that of Dr. Holmes, who had himself used tobacco, and had given it up because he thought it hindered him in the full use of his faculties. So Dr. Depew, who at one time smoked a great deal, gave it up because he found himself leaning too hard on it. The opinions of such men against tobacco are the result of personal tests and count for more than those of persons who have never tried tobacco at all, and merely declare off-hand that its use is a vice, and a nasty habit.

It isn't necessarily nasty. Clean men, whose manners are considerate, smoke at proper times and in proper places and give no offence. Inconsiderate persons are inconsiderate about smoking as about other things.

WHETHER the world and the people in it would be better off without tobacco seems far from assured. It disagrees with a good many persons, and they ought not to use it. Many other persons smoke to excess, and find themselves unable to smoke moderately. It is best for them to stop altogether. Still other men of great mental energy who want to get the most out of every faculty they have don't smoke. Gladstone didn't smoke, nor Charles A. Dana, nor Lincoln (did he?). Roosevelt doesn't smoke. Men who don't get tired have little need to smoke. McKinley smokes, so did Grant, and Seward, and Bismarck, and Lowell; so does John Fiske. So do a large majority of the ablest lawyers, doctors, bankers, and merchants of this town, and doubtless of other American towns. There seems to be a good deal of rest and also a good deal of work in tobacco. There is no work in rum except in rare cases of emergency. We are used to consider that a man who habitually uses alcohol as a stimulant to help him do his work is riding to a fall, but tobacco is, apparently, a very useful stimulant to some persons, who are able to use it during all the adult period of their lives without disaster or excess, or noticeable ill effects. Hard and continuous mental work is itself unwholesome for most persons, and is very apt in this time and country to be carried to excess. Tobacco may do good, either as a reasonably safe stimulant which helps hard-pressed men over hard places, or as a narcotic which makes idleness tolerable and keeps some restless men from working harder than their strength warrants. Darwin in his autobiography speaks of the two paper cigarettes which he was used to smoke in the afternoon after the few hours of labor which his impaired health permitted were over. They were restful to him, and caused him no compunctions of conscience.

The drawbacks and dangers of smoking are obvious and important enough to make nearly all ruminating smokers consider from time to time the expediency of giving up tobacco. On the other hand the pleasure and advantages of it are notable enough to make one wonder why more women don't smoke. Reputable and well-mannered American women rarely smoke nowadays. In pioneer times grandmothers smoked pipes in chimney-corners. They don't now. Of the few American ladies who smoke cigarettes the majority brought the habit back with them from Europe. The general sentiment among our women is that for women to smoke is vulgar. Whether it is all merely a matter of habit and custom, or whether women's occupations and environments are such that they have less need of tobacco than men, let the learned discuss. All we know is that as a rule men smoke and women don't, and we wonder why women are so docile about it. Mr. C. D. Warner says in one of his books that if it were not for what he knows about the Romans he would think tobacco was the root of all evil. Men who smoke might easier conclude that tobacco was the source of all their diseases and defects, if it were not so readily discernible that women who don't smoke have about as many diseases and defects as men.

PEOPLE'S views about smoking and drinking are sure to be very much influenced by the sort of drinking or smoking that comes to their notice. In small American villages where the common run of reputable people drink very little, and never in public, what drinking there is in sight is usually done by the unskilled and intemperate, and is so obviously detrimental to the interest of the drinkers and of the community as to strengthen most observers in antipathy to alcohol. The best drinking and that which least scandalizes the temperate observer is that done in wine-growing countries, where wine, and not spirits, is universally drunk. The worst drinking is doubtless done in prohibition States, where the liquor is dear and bad, the seller a law-breaker, and the drinker a sneak. Out of a vast deal of drinking that is done in our cities a fair proportion is skilful and restrained, and the observer who watches it as it goes on in reputable clubs and restaurants and in a thousand respectable places, public and private, naturally forms different impressions about the uses and abuses of drink from those that result from observation in most American rural communities.

So it is in a measure with tobacco. When we see it used by clean and considerate persons we think better of it than when its patrons are unmannerly. Manners make a vast deal of difference. There are folks who eat in a fashion that puts one out of all conceit with eating, and of course there are persons who smoke so offensively as to make tobacco a nuisance.

THE YALE-HARVARD BOAT-RACES ON THE THAMES, NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JUNE 28, 1900.

1. Finish of the Freshman Race, Harvard winning in 12 m. 1 sec. 2. Finish of the Race between the University Eights, Yale winning in 21 m. 12 4-5 sec. 3. Picking up the Harvard Eight after the Race, Harding, stroke, unconscious in his Seat.

The Yale-Harvard Races

AN unfortunate accident, such as might happen to any one in any walk of life, marred the result of the annual Yale-Harvard boat-race at New London. Harvard, because she had chosen Captain Higginson to stroke her crew, will rightly always feel that had he been able to row the race the result might have been different. Yale will always regret that Higginson was not able to row, and that Harvard, when she sent her crew to the starting-flags, could not feel as Yale did, that this was her very best eight.

The 'Varsity race as it was rowed without Captain Higginson proved to be the closest and most dramatic contest that has taken place between Yale and Harvard on the water. For almost three miles and a half the two shells were lapped; for half of this distance the prows of the boats were zigzagging between the long swinging strokes of the crews. Twice Harvard took the lead, and twice Yale wrested it from her. For two miles and a half each crew swung along at thirty-two strokes per minute. But Harvard was fighting hardest all this distance to keep in the race.

Just before the three-mile flag was reached the Harvard coxswain called for a spurt. Harvard did not raise her stroke, but Harding put on the limit of his power. Within half a mile he gained five seconds on Yale, and forced his crew ahead by over half a boat-length. A quarter of a mile farther on, as the result of this magnificent effort, Harding collapsed. Twice he dropped his oar from sheer exhaustion, and finally fell helpless at the feet of Sheafe, Harvard's No. 7. It was with difficulty that Sheafe and Coxswain Wadleigh kept Harding in the shell. Referee Meikleham signalled head-coach E. C. Storrow to go to the assistance of his crew, and Mr. Storrow called to Sheafe to stop rowing. But Sheafe shook his head. Harvard pluckily rowed out the race with seven oars.

The story of this race will live long, and its result will be much debated. Yale's victory, however, must stand as a creditable achievement. The Yale crew was developed amid adverse circumstances. Yale tried a new style of stroke. Yale proved very fast. Harvard had a veteran eight, developed under the most fortunate circumstances. Harvard's loss of Captain Higginson was one of the fortunes of boating.

In theory the coaches of the two 'Varsity eights had tried to teach practically the same style of a stroke. But the results obtained by the rival coaches were radically different. The crews used their slides, and applied their power according to divergent theories of the use of the muscles of the back and legs in rowing.

Both crews rowed a long stroke. Both caught the water rather easily with the oar-blades, and not viciously, as the English 'Varsity crews.

Yale started her slides almost simultaneously with a heave backward of the shoulders, and then ran the slides down slowly, clear through the stroke. Yale's stroke was a long steady pull through the water, obtained by the combined power of the swing of the body and the drive of the legs. Yale did not separate these two kinds of power, but used them simultaneously.

Harvard used up these two kinds of power by an unequal distribution through the stroke of the body-swing and the leg-drive. Harvard started her slides much more quickly than did Yale, and used up the leg-drive in the first half of the stroke. This caused Harvard to rush the middle part of her pull through the water. After Harvard had pulled through the first half of her stroke her slides were of little use to her, because her leg-drive had been expended. She then had to pull out the last half of her stroke with the strength of the arms and the back. Harvard seems to have fallen into what she considers a faulty method of boating, by using professional scullers to teach her oarsmen the fundamental principles of rowing. But rowing according to this theory, Harvard in 1899 produced an eight that caused Yale to cease to regard the professional sculler's idea of the use of the slide as a fault when applied to eight-oared-shell racing.

A Peaceful Invasion

THE task of securing a proper display of American amateur athletic culture at the Paris Exposition proved unexpectedly and unnecessarily difficult. When preliminary negotiations began, it was impossible to obtain from France any pertinent facts, and rumors told of a discordant camp, with possibilities of three rival sets of games—the Olympian sports, games under the management of the Exposition, and meetings held by the French athletic authorities. At that time no one could say with certainty what games would be contested, or when, or where, or under what rules.

Fortunately these dissensions ended speedily, and it was decided that there should be no Olympian Games, and that the competitions for amateur athletes of all nations would be held officially under the auspices of the Exposition authorities, on the grounds, and under the rules, regulations, handicapping, and management of the Union des Sociétés Françaises de Sports Athlétiques, which is the governing body in French amateur sport.

Almost all of our men will first go to England, competing in the English amateur championship meeting at London, July 7, and then at the Paris Exposition Sports, a week or more later.

In scrutinizing the credentials of our delegates it must be remembered that our annual intercollegiate sports are held in May, and our present intercollegiate champions earned their honors only a few weeks ago, while the annual amateur championship meetings come in the autumn, so that our present amateur champions won their titles last August, and are now holding over until next fall.

At the head of our sprinters is Arthur F. Duffey, Georgetown University, who is the present amateur champion, but was ineligible to compete at the recent intercollegiate championship meeting because he lacked some weeks of the prescribed one year's residence at his university. He has repeatedly run 100 yards in 10 s., and has been several times credited with 9 4-5 s., under circumstances which prevented its acceptance as a record. He shares with E. B. Bloss, F. H. Bigelow, B. J. Wefers, H. C. Kennington, L. W. Redpath, and F. Scheuber the honors of the world's 40-yards record—4 3-5 s. He is also a joint holder, with L. E. Myers and J. W. B. Tewksbury, of the world's record for 60 yards—6 2-5 s.

We also send J. W. B. Tewksbury, U. of P. and N. Y. A. C., who was the intercollegiate 100-yards and 220-yards champion in 1898 and 1899, but did not compete this year. He has been in bad health during the winter, but is now recovering rapidly, and hopes to be as fast as ever before July 7.

Another of our men is A. C. Kraenzlein, U. of P. and N. Y. A. C., the present intercollegiate champion, and he will be accompanied by F. W. Jarvis, Princeton University, amateur champion in 1898, and second to Kraenzlein for the intercollegiate championship this year; T. B. McClain, U. of P., third to Kraenzlein in the same race; E. Minehan, Georgetown University; and C. L. Burroughs, W. A. Maloney, and F. G. Maloney, of Chicago University.

It is not yet positively known who will start for England, but among the eligible athletes are F. W. Cooper, the present champion, R. W. Wadsley, and C. R. Thomas, each of whom has a record of 10 s., and A. M. Hollins, who ran a dead-heat with Thomas in the Oxford-Cambridge sports this year.

Calcutta, India, sends Norman G. Pritchard, who has, at home, done 100 yards in 10 s., and the 120-yards hurdle race in 16 s. He reached England early in June, has competed several times already in club sports, and will be the best acclimated and trained of all the visitors.

Last but not least in the list of our opponents is Stanley Rowley, of Sydney, New South Wales, the present Australasian champion. He has run 220 yards in 22 1-5 s., 120 yards in 12 s., and 100 yards three times in 10 s. and twice in 9 9-10 s. It may be mentioned that the Australasian timing-watches register tenths of a second, and all official times of horse-races and foot-races in that country are recorded in tenths of a second.

This will be the most remarkable field of sprinters ever assembled, and so evenly matched are the men that the places will probably be won by inches only, and the scales of victory may be turned by weather, by wind, by condition of the track, by choice of positions, and by good or bad fortune at the start.

There is no 220-yards race in the English championship programme, so that F. W. Jarvis, our intercollegiate champion, M. W. Long, Columbia University and New York A. C., our amateur champion, and all the other sprinters must wait until they reach Paris for a chance at this distance.

For the quarter-mile we send Dixon Boardman, Yale University and N. Y. A. C., the present intercollegiate champion; M. W. Long, intercollegiate champion last year, and amateur champion for two years; F. W. Jarvis and J. F. Cregan, Pennsylvania University; D. C. Hall, Brown University; W. J. Holland, Georgetown University; J. W. B. Tewksbury and W. E. Drumheller, University of Pennsylvania; and W. A. Maloney and H. B. Slack, Chicago University.

Among the Englishmen to compete are Davidson, who won last year's championship in 49 2-5 s., and Hollins, winner of this year's Oxford-Cambridge match.

Long and Maloney have records of 49 1-5 s., Boardman of 49 3-5 s., and almost all our other candidates can beat 50 s., but, with change of climate and diet against them, it is by no means certain that they can beat the best men England puts forward July 7.

For the half-mile our team includes J. M. Perry, Pennsylvania University, the present intercollegiate champion; J. F. Cregan, amateur champion in 1897, and intercollegiate champion in 1898; W. A. Maloney and H. H. Lord, Chicago University; A. Grant, E. A. Mechling, W. E. Drumheller, and E. R. Bushnell, University of Pennsylvania; J. Bray, Williams College and N. Y. A. C.; and D. C. Hall.

Among the eligible Englishmen are Relf, champion of 1898 with 1 m. 56 1-5 s.; Tysoe, champion of 1899 in 1 m. 58 3-5 s.; and Graham, winner of the Oxford-Cambridge-Harvard-Yale match in 1 m. 57 1-5 s., and this year's Oxford-Cambridge match in 1 m. 58 3-5 s.

Bray has a record of 1 m. 54 3-5 s. for 10 yards less than half a mile, and Maloney has covered the full distance in 1 m. 58 s., while the others are equal to 2 minutes, or better, but we have now no Myers, or Dohm, or Downs, or Kilpatrick, or Burke, and our victory is by no means assured.

Our starters in the one-mile run will be J. F. Cregan, amateur champion in 1897 and 1898, and intercollegiate champion for three years; J. Bray, second to Cregan this year; E. R. Bushnell, fourth to Cregan this year; A. Grant, the amateur champion; G. W. Orton, University of Pennsylvania and N. Y. A. C. intercollegiate champion in 1895 and 1897, and amateur champion in 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, and 1896; E. A. Mechling, J. M. Perry, and D. C. Hall.

England may enter Welsh, champion of 1898 and 1899; Hunter, winner of the Oxford-Cambridge-Yale-Harvard match; and Cockshall, winner of this year's Oxford-Cambridge match, and many other fast runners, such as A. E. Tysoe.

Welsh won the 1898 championship in 4 m. 17 1-5 s., which is far ahead of any performance by any of our team; but if, as is commonly reported, he has decided to retire, the contest between our team and the other English runners will be close.

The English championship programme has neither two-mile nor five-mile run; but A. Grant, our intercollegiate two-mile champion, who ran a dead-heat with his brother for the amateur five-mile championship last August, will enter in the English four-mile championship, and be supported probably by D. C. Hall, who ran second to him for the intercollegiate championship, and by G. W. Orton.

England and Ireland have armies of distance-runners, and the entry list will probably be long. Bennett won the amateur championship in 1898 and 1899, while Workman took the Oxford-Cambridge-Harvard-Yale match and this year's Oxford-Cambridge match, each of these two being at three miles.

The English amateur championship programme includes a two-mile steeple-chase, which is not found at American meetings. For this race America sends G. W. Orton, who won it in 1898 and was beaten last year. The present English champion is W. Stokes.

Owing to the great popularity of cross-country running, England has hundreds of first-class distance-runners and steeple-chasers, and it is not unlikely that British athletes may win the one-mile run, the four-mile run, and the steeple-chase, besides having a fair chance at the quarter-mile and half-mile.

For the 120-yards hurdle race we send A. C. Kraenzlein, intercollegiate champion for three years and amateur champion for two years. With him will go W. P. Remington, University of Pennsylvania, who finished third to Kraenzlein at the intercollegiate meeting this year, and F. G. Maloney, Chicago University. No hurdler has any chance to beat Kraenzlein, and our other men should be able to hurry the English competitors.

For the running high jump our entries are I. K. Baxter, U. of P. and N. Y. A. C., amateur champion for three years and intercollegiate champion last year, and W. C. Carroll, P. U. and N. Y. A. C. Each of them can beat 6 ft. 2 in.; but P. Leahy, the English amateur champion of 1898 and 1899, has frequently beaten 6 ft. 3 in., and holds a record of 6 ft. 4¾ in., while another Irishman has twice cleared 6 ft. 4½ in., and a third has beaten 6 ft. 2 in., so that our men will need to be at their best July 7.

A. C. Kraenzlein, intercollegiate and amateur champion in 1899, will compete in the running broad jump, his American associates being T. B. McClain and W. P. Remington, U. of P., who was third to M. Prinstein and A. C. Kraenzlein at this year's intercollegiate meeting. Kraenzlein holds the world's record, 24 ft. 4½ in., and has, in practice, beaten 24 ft. 8 in., while Remington can clear more than 23 ft. Great Britain has the young Irish giant W. J. M. Newbern, her amateur champion in 1898 and 1899, who holds a genuine record of 24 ft. ½ in., and has been credited with many more inches at various Irish meetings, where the officials were not careful as to details. Another good Irishman is P. J. O'Connor, who won this year's Irish championship at 23 ft. 6½ in.

For the pole vault, B. Johnson, Y. U. intercollegiate champion in 1897 and 1900, will be supported by A. W. Coleman, P. U., who finished second to Johnson in this year's intercollegiate contest, D. S. Horton, P. U., who finished third to Johnson, I K. Baxter, the present amateur champion, and M. B. Colkett, U. of P. During the past eight weeks, in public games, Johnson has cleared 11 ft. 8 in., Coleman 11 ft. 5 in., and Horton 11 ft. 4 in. Some years ago Lancashire was always ready to furnish a champion and record-breaking pole-vaulter, and two men from the little town of Ulverstone have, at different times, crossed the Atlantic and won our championships. But the game seems to have fallen into disfavor in England, and our delegates ought to win the English championship, and perhaps establish a new English record.

Our entries for the shot-putting will include R. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., amateur champion for two years; J. C. McCracken, U. of P., intercollegiate champion in 1898 and 1899, and second to Beck this year; and T. T. Hare, U. of P. Sheldon cleared 45 ft. 8¼ in. at Travers Island, June 16, but will need a little more power to beat D. Horgan, the brawny Irishman, who has won the Irish championship for seven years and the English championship for three years, and holds the world's record —47 ft. 1 in.

John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C. amateur champion for three years, and holder of the world's record, 167 ft. 8 in., will try for the hammer-throwing, his American opponents being McCracken, intercollegiate champion in 1898 and 1899, and second to Plaw, this year, and T. T. Hare, third to Plaw and McCracken in this year's intercollegiate competition. England has no hammer-throwers worth mentioning, and T. F. Kiely, of Ireland, England's champion for two years, has never come within ten feet of Flanagan's records.

One battalion of our army of invasion will omit London and advance directly on Paris. Among them may be mentioned the following: L. P. Sheldon, Yale University and N. Y. A. C., intercollegiate running-broad-jump champion in 1895 and 1896, intercollegiate shot-putting champion in 1896, and who has already won several prizes in international contests, is now living in Paris, and will probably enter in the jumps, hurdles, and weight-throwing. Ray C. Ewry, N. Y. A. C., holder of the American championships and world's records at standing high jump and standing long jump, could find no competition in London, and therefore goes directly to Paris. Arthur L. Newton, N. Y. A. C., beat twenty-four opponents in a 15-mile race near New York city, July 17, the prize being a trip to Paris, and an entry in the 25-mile race there.

The New England Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, at whose instance the 25-mile race was added to the Paris programme, have named their three representatives, the fortunate men being Richard Grant, J. B. Maguire, and R. J. Macdonald. Grant ran a dead-heat with his brother for the five-mile amateur championship last August, and Macdonald won the Boston 25-mile race and established a new record for the distance in 1898. The three men have proven themselves, in many tests, the fastest and most reliable long-distance runners of New England.

Others who do not go to London are the men of Syracuse University, including R. A. Waite, a sprinter; J. M. Scrafford, fourth in this year's intercollegiate half-mile run; W. F. Lewis, fourth in this year's intercollegiate 120-yards hurdle race; H. G. Lee, second in this year's intercollegiate quarter-mile run; and Meyer Prinstein, who cleared 24 ft. 7¼ in. in the running broad jump at Philadelphia, April 28, 1900, but will not be allowed the record, as the strong wind aided him. He was the amateur champion in 1898, and the intercollegiate champion in 1898 and again this year. He also won the trial heat in the first round of the intercollegiate 100-yards run, but was unplaced in the second round.

The English Amateur Athletic Association recently appropriated $500 to defray the travelling expenses, to and from Paris, of the winners at the English amateur championship meeting, and this amount seemed somewhat scant, as the English championship programme includes thirteen events; but the allowance is likely to prove ample, as about half of the winners will be Americans, who can journey between London and Paris without English assistance.

English-speaking nations are so far ahead of all others in athletic sport that the winners of the English championships, July 7, including representatives certainly of England, Ireland, and the United States, and perhaps of Scotland, India, and New South Wales, and re-enforced by the American squad that did not go to London, ought to win every international championship and scratch event at Paris, leaving to other countries only a share of the handicap contests.

The distances at Paris will be in metres. One metre is 39 37-100 inches, and 100 metres is 109 36-100 yards. Besides numerous handicaps, there will be international scratch and championship events as follows: Runs at 60 metres, 100 metres, 200 metres, 400 metres, 800 metres, 1500 metres, and a cross-country race of about 25 miles. Steeple-chases at 2500 metres and 400 metres. International foot-race, 5000 metres, teams of five men from each country. Hurdle races at 110 metres, 200 metres, and 400 metres. Standing high jump, standing long jump, running high jump, running long jump, running hop, step, and jump, and pole-vaulting. Hammer-throwing, shot-putting, and discus-throwing. Tug of war, teams of six men.

Many of the distances differ only a few feet or yards from those found in the English programme, but the practically new events will give chances to athletes who did not find their specialties in London, such as the discus-throwing for Sheldon, the standing high and long jumps for Ewry, the 25-mile run for A. L. Newton, Grant, Macdonald, and Maguire.

During the past twenty years many parties of American athletes have visited Europe, but no one of these expeditions ever approached, in dignity or strength, the American army of athletic invasion whose advance-guard is already on British soil, with other divisions following fast. The party includes the athletic strength of the country, and if they are beaten, the United States will be beaten.

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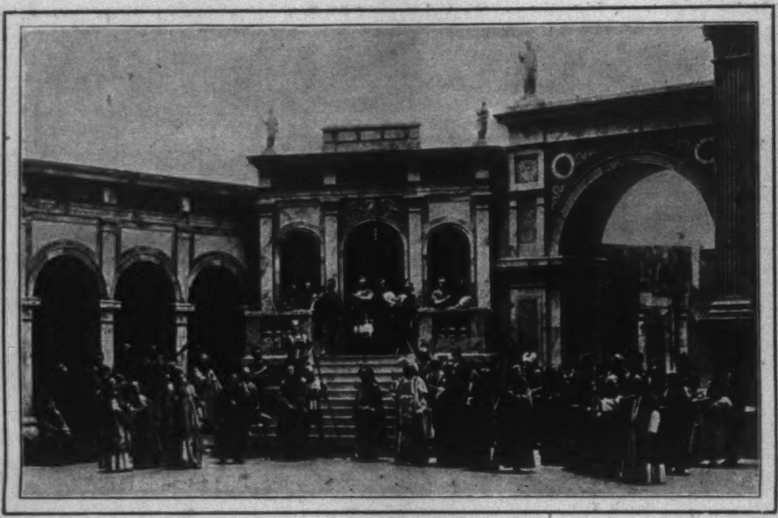

CHRIST BEFORE *PILATE*.

JUDAS (JOHANN ZWINK).

The Passion Play

A DISTINGUISHED philosopher has declared that this life would be intolerable save for its illusions. Another sage, equally deep-thinking, tells us that we would all get on with our lots, here below, a vast deal better if life set up for us no illusions at all! So you may take your choice of theories. More is the pity, however, if you must pay your money, to any great extent, before you make your choice. Thereby hangs at least a part of this short tale, and the special or general counsels belonging to it.

It is an easy matter to get to Oberammergau nowadays, compared with the long high-road and by-road business of former Play recurrences. The railway spins you up in less than four hours. From the first moment you realize that you are in a vast caravansary of English and American tourists, mingled with a large but far less important and noisy German or Austrian contingent. A wide street, bordered with smart townlike houses, mostly new or transmogrified. Up and down surges a throng of tourists. Every house, too, is a shop, a bazar, of pictures, glass, carving, and *klim-kram* of every sort, inartistic as well as artistic, brought from Munich or Vienna factories. It is a Midway Pleasaunce, this Oberammergau—a Champs Elysées, minus the marionettes and the bands. Next "Play year" there will be likely *cafés-chantants* everywhere and a couple of carrousels in full swing. The "simple village folk" are doubtless dead; wisely. A generation of hawkers and shopkeepers has succeeded. The mere fact that every now and then you recognize in some tradesman, busy in his booth, one of the Play's dramatic corps, long-haired, and with a tendency to pose, to assume a devout expression that means an eye to business as well as his coming responsibilities, alters nothing much. The new hotels are all a-squeeze, in their noisy restaurants and tumultuous dickering. Money, money, money! make all of it that you can, while Cook and Gaze and Schenker pour in their regiments of English and American tourists on us! That is the soul of Oberammergau to-day. Nor inexcusably finds one such a soul there.

The next morning, *nolens volens*, you will be awake early. After a cup of excellent coffee, a look into the fine church—which is crowded with strangers who are not by any means pilgrims save in the Cook sense—and awhile more of walking up and down the chaffering circuits of the village, you walk over to the big new "Passion" Theatre, and you take your place.

You are in a kind of big, yellow-gray, iron railway station; overarched in a huge curve, big as a *salles des machines* in an exposition, and seating about four thousand people. Three-fourths of the places have been sold in London, to the British tourist, provincial or metropolitan! The country rector and his wife are much in evidence; obviously purposing to be "impressed" their full money's worth. The much-famed new proscenium stretches before you, with its conventional middle structure and two big side wings. The central edifice, a Greek—Corinthian—temple, is wholly out of architectural suggestion suited to the drama of Hebraic, Oriental, Palestinian, and Roman atmosphere to be given. A gaudy Byzantine curtain hangs across this central building. The beautiful Oberammergau landscape, which used to be seen from every part of the stage as a natural background, here and there, now is shut out from the spectators unless they are far back in the big hall, and on its higher tiers of seats. A large auditorium was needed, more tickets could be sold to foreigners. Hence the exigency of the present plan. And around and about you a large majority of the Play visitors are doing anything but settle down into the "preparatory mood," of which we read so much. Chattering up and down in their seats, eating "postscripts" to their breakfasts, comparing time-tables and notes, laughing loudly over jokes and experiences—all in English and mostly in English English—well, perhaps this Passion Play House at Oberammergau was, truly, a Play House of Prayer, but nowadays the tourist agencies certainly have made it a den of tourists.

At eight o'clock the overture to the Play is given by a good-sized orchestra; invisible because of the depth, Baireuth fashion, of the orchestra-pit; but, unluckily, not as inaudible as even the most indulgent hearer might wish. For it is not in quality to-day a mere village band; but a badly drilled town orchestra. And let me say here that the music running through the Passion Play is an almost fundamental blemish, first and last. It is by Rochus Dedler (1779-1822). The noble and yet simple chorals, after Bach, the truly folk-music quality, the religious simplicity, are alike too far away from it. Instead, one has sentimental rubbish—a kind of score made up of borrowing Mozart, or of imitations of Mozart's imitators; and of putting orange water and barley sugar to the product. The result is languid sickliness, number by number. And, as such music even, full of a solo and recitative quality, lies outside the training of the average Bavarian peasant voice—not outside the voice itself, but the schooling—first and last also, is the music of the Play execrably sung—with a throaty, nasal quality that only ignorant ears can enjoy. Nobody relishes real and good Bavarian peasant concerts more than I do; but this music-making is not of the genuine sort. However, the stately Procession of the Chorus comes on (dressed in a hybrid, Greekish costume, as if a play of Sophocles were toward). It is headed by noble old Josef Mayr, as the declaimer of the spoken Prologues, and by the "Singer," Jakob Rutz, who delivers the musical comments.

I do not propose here—nor is there space—to rehearse the familiar course of the drama, on which an English literature, historical, descriptive, and critical, has been in existence since the half-century began. The successive incidents which brought the Play into existence earlier than the beginning of 1600, and those that have kept it current in Oberammergau, decade by decade, are all at the reader's hand, if not in his library. The structure and movement of the piece, with its simple scenes and its Biblical diction and spirit—more or less modernized and filled out within a generation or so, but still becomingly naïve and devout—have received voluminous attention. It is to-day, in spite of all changes and original infelicities, a strong and complex and interesting survival of the mediæval Passion Play of Germany and Austria, a strong vehicle in its textual individuality for the peasant-actor's temperament, and even for the peasant-auditor's emotion. Scene succeeds well to scene, tableau knits logically to tableau, between the Prologue and the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and the Crucifixion and Resurrection. And the general effect as read or fancied, while often tedious, is sincerely religious. Doubtless, as the Play was formerly given—in the palmy days of old Josef Mayr as *Christ*, and of Johann Zwink, still noteworthy as *Judas*, and of the elder Rendl as *Peter*, and so on—not to refer to earlier protagonists—the Passion Drama must have been deeply appealing; both spiritually and as that paradox in æsthetics, *natural art* from unlearned men.

ANTON LANG,
Who represents *Christ* at Oberammergau.

To-day it is neither edifying nor attractive. To-day it is neither religion nor æsthetics. To-day it is false and commonplace or harsh throughout; except where, now and then, the older actors of the best grade can show themselves in their best lights, or where the new generation of Oberammergau Passion-Players are young men of the better artificial instincts and have been able to profit by teaching of their seniors or by being trained for stage-work by regular actors from cities. Only these two things make the Play endurable now. And at least one-half of the excuse, you observe, is purely artificial, and has no more to do with the Ammerthal than if the garish Passion Theatre were on Madison Square Garden or Earlscourt! Piety, devotion, simplicity, a custom kept, for gratitude to God's good pleasure and man's reminder—nothing of the sort. That is met only in vestiges. But a Play must be kept up. For the village likes money; and all the world knows of its ten-yearly event. So sophistication, bad sophistication, or commonplace effect, takes the place of a real and sincere *raison de coeur*. It is a Passion torn to tatters—almost to Tattersalls!

But you say: "Dismiss the under-element of pious, devout feeling. Is not the Play interesting merely as a rural performance?" Frankly, no. I am not forgetful of the good dramatic work of several of the performers of the new-come set. Peter Rendl as *John* the Beloved, Sebastian Lang as *Caiaphas*, Sebastian Bauer—a fine *Pilate*—Gregor Breitsamer as the wicked *Nathanael*—and so on. But they are good artificial actors in style, and could be effective on any stage, in various rôles. There is nothing *naïf* in their art. So why go to Oberammergau to see them. And Zwink as *Judas*, after all, is a rather "Stadttheater" *Judas* nowadays; if strong in his diction and physique for the part. I cannot praise Anton Lang as *Christ*. A fair-faced peasant, Lang has not intelligence or temperament; and he is monotonous and *poseur* to a degree, whatever he may have learned of Mayr to the contrary. He has two tones, three facial changes, and four poses. That is his art. The women have not much to do, and they do it with mediocrity, Anna Flunger a shade more expressively.

As for the world-famed tableaux and processional effects, why, the scenery now used calls for artificial lights and really theatrical effects. A series of either obscure or glaring results naturally comes to us, under open-air conditions. You see too much artifice to-day, else you need more! Illusion? There is none—absolutely none! The Crucifixion, with its figures in rose-pink "fleshings," is a thing to shudder at—with wrath at such attempts at "realism." The actual out-door scenes are better, especially those before the House of Pilate. But to-day the Passion Play is far away in pictorial spirit from Memling, and Cranach, and Wohlgemuth, and Dürer, and Holbein.

Such is Oberammergau to-day. You think these lines severe? Well, go you and see the Play, if you will. You will not dissent then. This especially if you have seen the same sort of performance, or historical or classic Greek dramas of secular sort, given in Germany, Austria, and France, either simply as stage-art of the open-air kind, or as a survival of a local custom (such as the fine "Tilly" Play at noble old Rothenburg), or as religious appeal. It is not the publicity in Germany; no, it is the foreign exploiting and "the money sense" that have undone Oberammergau's Passion Drama! It cannot be saved, and it merits not to be saved. It is spoiled. No wonder you meet no emotional effect on actors or auditors. The only tears I saw were the tiers of benches. An artificial, cheap, gaudy bouquet has been substituted for a bunch of bluebells. A passion-flower in cotton and velvet is given you instead of a blossom from the Vine of Sorrow. In the carbonic-acid air of our sophisticated life, poured into the Ammer Valley, all natural bloom naturally must die. So go to Rothenburg for the "Tilly" Play and "Festzug." Go to Dinkelsbuhl for the "Children's" Play. Go to Orange for Greek drama revived. Go to the Vosges and Jura for French peasant plays, both religious and secular. Go to even Brixlegg, in Tirol, for a more casual glance at a Teutonic *Passionspiel*. But do not go to Oberammergau, as an object of sentiment or reverent curiosity. Wait till it is brought to you. That will come to pass, in due time, be very sure.

IRENAEUS PRIME-STEVENSON.

MUNICH, *June*, 1900.

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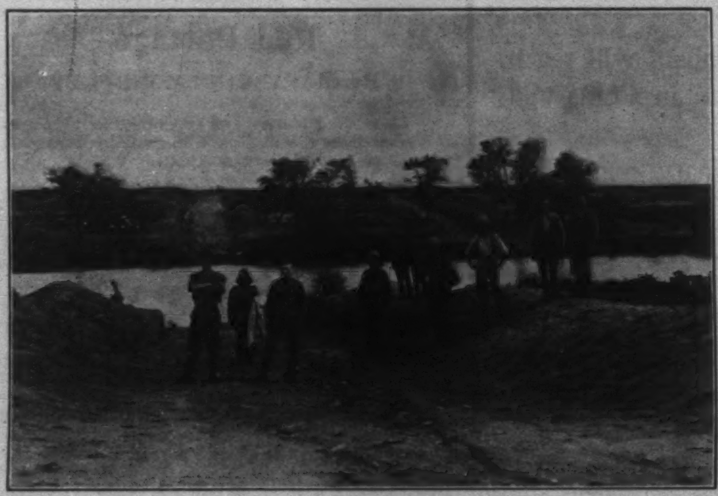
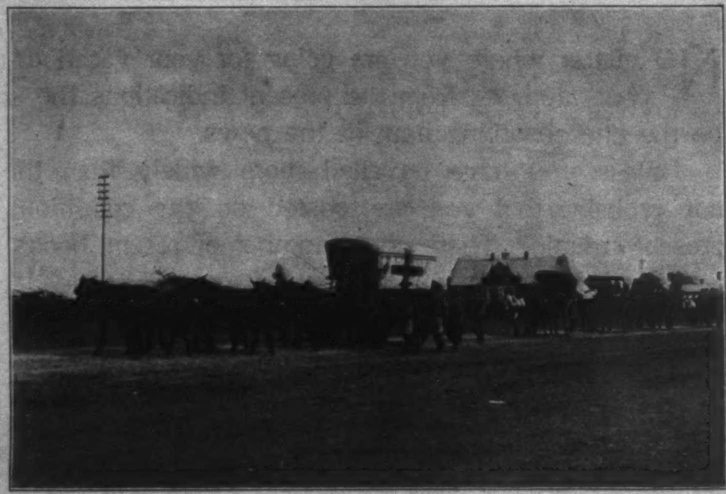


THE MODDER RIVER AT THE POINT WHERE LORD METHUEN'S ARMY CROSSED.



A FUNERAL AT DU TOIT'S PAN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Camel's Head

PERHAPS no part of the world has received more attention and at the same time been less clearly defined in the popular mind than the shores of the Yellow Sea. Let this body of water become familiar, and the history which has been and is now making in the East will be found to have an easily grasped and easily remembered geographical setting.

The Yellow Sea lies between the Korean Peninsula and the mainland of northern China. It is approximately 500 miles long and 300 miles wide. The name "Yellow" is derived from the prevailing color of the water, which is in some parts all of the time and in all parts some of the time of a tawny color. It is caused by the waters of the great rivers of China and Korea, which discolor the sea for many miles about their mouths. These rivers are the Yangtze, Yellow, Liao, and Yalu of China, and the Han and Tai Dong of Korea. Elsewhere than near the mouths of these great rivers the waters of the "Yellow" Sea are as blue as those of the Atlantic Ocean, save as heavy storms disturb the sandy bottoms, which discolor the water, for the Yellow Sea is not a deep sea.

In a general way the "yellow" line may be defined. The waters which wash the coast of Korea are always yellow, the numerous muddy rivers and the monstrous tides being conjointly responsible for this. The tides which set against the muddy western coast of Korea are very high, averaging over thirty feet. On the Chinese coast from Shanghai northward the Yellow Sea is discolored by the waters of the Yangtze. Somewhat south of the Shantung (pronounced Shan-dung) Peninsula the effect of the Yangtze fails to be noticed. Clear waters are the rule about Shantung, including the harbors of Kiaochau, Wei-hai-wei, and Chefoo. A hundred miles west of Chefoo the effect of the Shantung rivers is seen. These rivers discolor the entire gulf of Pechili, as the western extremity of the Yellow Sea is called. A northern projection of the gulf of Pechili, the gulf of Liao-tung, receives the muddy torrent of the Lias River and partakes of its color. Blue water is met again on the shores of the Liaotung Peninsula, and clear water is seen at Port Arthur and Talienwan. The yellow waters of the rivers of Sheng-king province discolor the bay of Korea. It is interesting to notice that all of the harbors now coming into prominence on the Yellow Sea—Kiaochau, Wei-hai-wei, Chefoo, Port Arthur, and Talienwan—are in blue water. In other words, they are not situated at the mouths of the great rivers of China—a matter of no little moment.

To the navigator the Yellow Sea presents manifold dangers and difficulties, especially on the Korean side, where the islands are innumerable. Here fogs and tides perplex and not infrequently outwit the boldest seaman. In winter, with winds from the north, with tides of thirty feet rushing between the islands with such force that ships have been reported being carried bodily with them, with scarcely a buoy or light the entire distance through, save for one straight run of 112 miles, the ship's course must be changed on the average of once an hour; the journey from Nagasaki to Chemulpo is, to say the least, a 446-mile trip gladly finished. Many a time in the utter dark echoes of the throbbing engines from an island precipice dead ahead have warned a puzzled captain to drop anchor until the morning. The China coast has lesser tides, almost no islands, and has been lighted by the Chinese Customs Department, under the efficient supervision of Sir Robert Hart.

Take any map of the Asiatic coast and draw a line from Shanghai to Chemulpo, the western seaport of Korea. Turn the map and consider this line a base-line. Note the outline of the Yellow Sea. It will appear the gigantic though imperfect outline of a camel. The head is the gulf of Pechili; the nose the gulf of

Liaotung; the neck the strait of Pechili; the breast the bay of Korea; the belly, back, and hump the main body of the Yellow Sea. The 120th longitude and the 35th meridian cross at the top of the hump.

This presentation of the outline of the Yellow Sea may serve to impress the strategic nature of certain of its ports now coming slowly into prominence.

Certain statistical details should first be presented. First, the area and population of the provinces to which the Yellow Sea gives access. Turning to the extremity of the Yellow Sea, the gulf of Pechili, we find to the west the province of Chili, having an area of our Georgia, and a population equal to that of the United States in 1840. This province is the door to China. Through it runs the great thoroughfare by which one-third of all of China's millions reach Peking and its great port Tientsin. The late Professor Wells Williams, of Yale University, has called Chili the most important of the thirteen Chinese provinces, its river being the sea outlet for the entire trade of four and a part of a fifth.

Passing on briefly, we find south of the gulf of Pechili the imperial province of Shantung, with an area equal to our Arkansas, and a population equal to that of the United States in 1890. In but one other Chinese province is the population more dense. Its maritime border is greater than that of any other province. It is one of the richest as well as the most famous of Chinese provinces, having been the birthplace of both Mencius and Confucius.

North of the gulf of Liaotung and the strait of Pechili lies the important province of Sheng-king, with an area equal to that of Ohio, and a population double that of New England.

The seaboard provinces of the Yellow Sea contain a population equal to that of the United States. Of the present treaty ports there are three, one in each province—Tientsin in Chili, Chefoo in Shantung, and Newchwang in Sheng-king. One only is on the immediate seaboard—Chefoo. Tientsin is the largest open port north of Shanghai. It is situated fifty miles inland, on the Peiho River, which is navigable for native craft and small ships. Tientsin is a great distributing centre, though its manufacturing interests are increasing. It is situated on the Grand Canal—the great inland thoroughfare—upon which innumerable junks ply from the Yangtze. The volume of business in Tientsin is rapidly increasing. With the opening of inland waters this year to the commerce of the world, the future of Tientsin baffles the optimist.

Newchwang is the commercial centre of Sheng-king province. It is situated thirteen miles from the gulf of Liaotung on the Liao River. It is the most northerly Chinese open port. The native name is "Ying-ty," meaning "fortified city." The name suggests the strategic position of the city in olden times. As a business metropolis and railway centre the place is important; its military importance is slight. The Liao River is frozen over five months each year.

Chefoo is situated on the southern coast of the strait of Pechili. It has been a thriving port, being on the direct route of trade between Peking and Tientsin and southern China, and the outlet for all the trade of the rich province for which it is the metropolis. Merchants of Chefoo are doubtful whether Chefoo is to keep the position commercially which it has attained. The opening of Kiaochau on the southern coast of the Shantung Peninsula will make trans-

portation for beans and silk from the interior to the sea much shorter than *via* Chefoo. The growing importance of Wei-hai-wei, thirty miles to the east of Chefoo, will be a great benefit, however much Kiaochau will injure the Chefoo trade.

To the east the Yellow Sea washes the shores of Korea, a mountainous country with an area equal to that of Utah, and a population double that of the State of New York. The seaport metropolis, Chemulpo, is situated midway down its western coast. The capital, Seoul, is situated twenty-seven miles inland, near the river Han. Chemulpo and Seoul are the termini of the pioneer railway of Korea, built by American enterprise, now in Japanese hands. The commercial future of Chemulpo depends very largely on the building of railways now projected. When the Siberian Railway finds a terminus on the Liaotung Peninsula, Chemulpo will be on the direct route of the probable extensive travel from Japan to Talienwan. But the building of the Seoul-Fusan Railway now surveyed may transfer the honor of being the seaport metropolis of Korea to Fusan on the eastern coast of Korea and only 120 miles from Japan.

Port Hamilton is a harbor formed by two islands in the Korean Archipelago south of the mainland, forty miles from the island of Quelpart and ninety miles from the Japanese island Tsushima in the strait of Korea. The harbor is from two to three miles long and one mile wide. The entrances are from the north and south. The northern entrance is five fathoms in depth, the southern six. The harbor averages eleven. It has been used frequently by the British, but when considered by the Admiralty as a possible naval station it was not recommended. The harbor is practically unsheltered from the heavy northern storms.

On either side of the Camel's Neck—the strait of Pechili—are found the military keys to northern China, Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. The illustration is perfect; they stand at the throat of the entire territories described, Port Arthur on the Camel's gullet, and Wei-hai-wei on the nape of the Camel's neck. Chili means "Direct Rule," the gulf of Pechili is the "Sea of Direct Rule," and Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei command it.

Port Arthur was China's stronghold on the Yellow Sea. Its development has been recent and rapid. It was fortified in 1887 by the Chinese government under the supervision of French engineers, China having recourse to them because of a favored clause in the Tientsin Treaty of 1885. The fortifications were completed in 1890, and comprised elaborate landward and seaward ports. The Japanese in 1894 were compelled to carry landward ports before the city proper was reached. The harbor of Port Arthur is practically landlocked, the entrance from the sea being less than a hundred feet in width. There are two harbors. One is surrounded by a wall of masonry and is a thousand feet long and half as wide. This harbor has been dredged to a depth of four and a half fathoms. About it the town has grown up. The second harbor is much larger, but has yet received no attention from the engineer. It is possibly of as great service as the one in use. It is protected from the sea by a strip of land known as the Tiger's Tail, and contained five ports at the time of the Japan-China war. The Russian bear on the Tiger's tail at the Camel's gullet may present a mixed metaphor, but it may be found difficult of correction unless corrected soon, for the Chinese ports demolished by the Japanese are being rapidly rebuilt by Russia.

Port Arthur was never worth to China the millions she expended upon it. The moment she lost control of the Yellow Sea it became practically useless, for there was no railway connection, and it was as distant as the most remote city of Sheng-king. Had China fortified Wei-hai-wei, back of which lay the heart of China, and with which railway connections were not impracticable, China might have coped with Japan with better success. Actual war has brought lessons to the most backward of civilizations as well as to the most forward. Military fortifications are not located or built for rhetorical effect.

The usefulness of Wei-hai-wei remains to be seen. It is a good harbor and can be made impregnable. The commodious harbor, three miles long and a mile wide, is protected by a long island situated directly in its mouth. Two channels, one on either side of this island, afford entrance and exit, and may be made available for the largest battle-ships. Here England may build a second Gibraltar, though it can hardly become to the gulf of Pechili what the original is on the Mediterranean. The strides made by England from Egypt to Arabia and India, the Malay Peninsula and China, are only equalled in romance by the sweep of the double eagle across the plains of Central Asia. At each point of contact there has been the immemorial jealousy, a jealousy founded seemingly on every characteristic which distinguishes the two nationalities.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

UNFAVORABLE reports upon the prospects of the wheat crop have continued to be a prominent subject of interest. Although these are apt to be magnified or distorted to serve the purpose of speculators in wheat for future delivery and in railroad stocks, there is no doubt that the harvesting of winter wheat was damaged by rain in the Southern wheat region, and the growth of spring wheat has been much injured by drought in the Northern region, while the central district, including Kansas, Nebraska, and Oklahoma, has unusually good prospects. The net result is likely to be a comparatively short but not absolutely poor crop, and higher than average prices for the grain. The immediate effect has been some lively speculation in wheat in both the Chicago and New York markets, and a rapid advance in July wheat in the latter to 90 cents and over, followed by a moderate reaction. The reaction was rather sharp in Chicago, and was caused in part by the coming out of unexpected supplies of old-crop wheat under the enticement of the high price, showing that the farmer has imbibed something of the speculative spirit himself.

There has also been a continued advance in the price of cotton, owing to unfavorable reports of the new crop. While there is a largely increased acreage, the late spring and protracted wet weather in the Southwest have hindered the healthy growth of the plant, which is said to be badly affected with rust in some sections. The reports have had the effect of stimulating speculation and pushing prices for the existing stock close to 10 cents in the New York market. Incidentally, these crop reports affect the railroads, and depress the stock of those which depend much upon grain-carrying. But in general the reports of railroad earnings continue favorable in comparison with those of last year, in spite of a decided lull in general business. In the field of iron and steel production the process of adjustment by diminishing the output and lowering prices is not yet complete. It has been a cautious and gradual process, which is a wholesome sign, and there is not likely to be any renewal of activity in this field until autumn. In the mean time the securities of steel companies which are listed on the Stock Exchange continue to be a favorite subject of speculation. Their general tendency is a sinking one, but they can be manipulated for an occasional rise to serve the speculative turn.

There is, in fact, little doing on the Stock Exchange aside from the operations of the professional dealers seeking a turn in the uncertain securities, and every incident for affecting prices is seized upon with alacrity. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has been attacked in the courts and threatened with dissolution for charging two fares to Coney Island, making it cost ten cents from the Manhattan end of the bridge. This has been the occasion for a violent "bear" attack upon its stock, which has affected more or less that of other local transit companies. The Consolidated Gas Company, in the process of absorbing its former rivals, has announced an increase of its capital stock from $54,595,200 to $80,000,000, and has advanced the price of gas to the legal limit of $1 05 per thousand feet. This had the effect of depressing the price of its stock on the Exchange for some reason, perhaps from an apprehension of some future adverse action of the public against the monopoly.

Money continues in a state of almost phenomenal ease in New York, the bulk of call loans being made at 1 and 1½ per cent., and of time loans for less than six months at 3 and 3½, with the best commercial paper discounted at 3 to 3¾. The banks have been losing somewhat from their reserves. The government has called for a third $5,000,000 of its deposits, to be withdrawn July 16, but this is chiefly preparatory to payments on the old two-per-cent. bonds, which are to be redeemed by August 18, and are being paid with accrued interest in the mean time so far as offered. The withdrawal of gold for export has ceased and is not likely to be resumed this season. Only the unusual requirements of Paris and Berlin would have caused the last movement, which carried our total shipment for the present year up to about $18,000,000. How comparatively insignificant this is may be inferred from the fact that over $15,000,000 was lately sent in a single shipment from the assay office in New York to the mint in Philadelphia.

The London money-market is still in a condition of easy loans and low rates, in continued contrast with that of Berlin, which has been drawing gold without seeming to get lasting relief.

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